INTERESTING

# ANECDOTES,

*MEMOIRS,*

# ALLEGORIES,

ESSAYS,

AND

*POETICAL FRAGMENTS,*

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY,

AND

INCULCATE MORALITY.

*BY MR. ADDISON.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY

A

# COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

# ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, &c.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## JAMES DUKE OF YORK,

SECOND SON OF CHARLES I.

THE Duke of York, it is ſaid, one day told the King his brother, that he had heard ſo much of old Milton, he had a great deſire to ſee him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his ſatisfying his curioſity; and accordingly ſhortly after, James, having informed himſelf where Milton lived, went privately to his houſe. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his gueſt, they converſed together for ſome time; but, in the courſe of their converſation, the Duke aſked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loſs of his

" ſight was a judgement upon him for what he had " written againſt the late King his father?" Milton's reply was to this effect: ' If your Highneſs thinks ' that the calamities which befall us here, are indica- ' tions of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are ' we to account for the fate of the King your father? ' The diſpleaſure of Heaven muſt, upon this ſuppoſi- ' tion, have been much greater againſt him than ' againſt me; for I have only loſt my eyes, but he loſt ' his *head*.' The Duke was exceedingly nettled at this anſwer, and went away ſoon after very angry. When he came back to the court, the firſt thing he ſaid to the King, was, " Brother, you are greatly to " blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton " hanged."—' Why, what's the matter, James?' ſaid the King, ' you ſeem in a heat! what, have you ſeen ' Milton?'—" Yes," anſwered the Duke, " I have " ſeen him."—' Well,' ſaid the King, ' In what ' condition did you find him?'—" Condition!" replied the Duke, " why he's old, and very poor."—' Old ' and poor!' ſaid the King; ' well, and he is blind, ' is he not?'—" Yes," ſaid the Duke, " blind as a " beetle."—' Why then you are a fool, James,' re- plied the King, ' to want to have him hanged as a ' puniſhment: to hang him will be doing him a ſer- ' vice; it will be taking him out of his miſeries. No, ' if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miſerable enough ' in all conſcience: let him live.'

INTERESTING

# INTERESTING ANECDOTE
OF
# PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dreſs, particularly in his ſhoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate ſhoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of ſhoes not made to pleaſe his taſte, the Canon became furious, and ſeizing one of the tools of the ſhoemaker, gave him with it ſo many blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a ſon fourteen years of age, the eldeſt of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was proſecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year.*

The young ſhoemaker having attained to man's eſtate, was ſcarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedneſs, ſat down on the day of a proceſſion, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the proceſſion paſſed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the ſight of this man, filial affection, rage, and deſpair, got ſo far the better of his reaſon, that he fell furiouſly on the prieſt, and ſtabbed him to the heart. The young man was ſeized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to

be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reaſon, call the lover of juſtice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himſelf the judge of the young ſhoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he firſt annulled the ſentence juſt pronounced by the clergy; and, after aſking the young man what profeſſion he was, *I forbid you*, ſaid he, *to make ſhoes for a year to come.*

## FATAL EFFECTS
OF
## FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

### THE STORY OF FLAVILLA.

I Have before remarked, that, "to abſtain from the appearance of evil," is a precept in that law which has every characteriſtic of divinity; and I have, in more than one of theſe papers, endeavoured to inforce the practice of it, by an illuſtration of its excellence and importance.

Circumſtances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the conſequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is ſtrongly

ſtrongly implied, is little leſs pernicious than that by which it is expreſſed. With reſpect to ſociety, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the ſame; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with reſpect to the individual, as the eſteem of the world is a motive to virtue only leſs powerful than the approbation of conſcience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himſelf half diſarmed when he is aſſailed by temptation: and as he will have leſs to loſe, he will, indeed, be leſs diſpoſed to reſiſt. Of the ſex, whoſe levity is moſt likely to provoke cenſure, it is eminently true, that the loſs of character by imprudence frequently induces the loſs of virtue: the ladies therefore, ſhould be proportionably circumſpect; as to thoſe, in whom folly is moſt likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of moſt importance to be wiſe.

This ſubject has irreſiſtibly obtruded itſelf upon my mind in the ſilent hour of meditation, becauſe, as often as I have reviewed the ſcenes in which I have mixed among the buſy and the gay, I have obſerved that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dreſs and behaviour, are become almoſt univerſal: virtue ſeems ambitious of a reſemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which ſhe has been uſed to hide.

A decent timidity, and modeſt reſerve, have been always conſidered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of diſſolute boldneſs is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite. Chaſtity, which uſed to be diſcovered in every geſture and every look, is now retired to the breaſt, and is found only by thoſe who intend its deſtruction; as a general, when the town is ſurrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always leſs capable of defence when the outworks are poſſeſſed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the proſtitute: if they are not otherwiſe known, they may ſhare the box and the drawing-room without diſtinction. The ſame faſhion which takes away the veil of modeſty, will neceſſarily conceal lewdneſs; and honour and ſhame will loſe their influence, becauſe they will no longer diſtinguiſh virtue from vice. General cuſtom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual ſecurity againſt general cenſure; but it will not always lull the ſuſpicions of jealouſy; nor can it familiarize any beauty, without deſtroying its influence, or diminiſh the prerogatives of a huſband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The exceſs of every mode may be declined without remarkable ſingularity; and the ladies, who

ſhould

ſhould even dare to be ſingular in the preſent defection of taſte, would proportionably increaſe their power and ſecure their happineſs.

I know that in the vanity and the preſumption of youth, it is common to alledge the conſciouſneſs of innocence, as a reaſon for the contempt of cenſure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the laſt. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repreſſed by a ſenſe of danger: and as the perſons whom I wiſh to warn, are moſt impatient of declamation, and moſt ſuſceptible of pity, I will addreſs them in a ſtory; and I hope the events will not only illuſtrate but impreſs the precept which they contain.

FLAVILLA, juſt as ſhe had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in ſuch circumſtances as diſappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the ſalary of a place at court, died ſuddenly, without having made any proviſion for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchaſed for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he poſſeſſed of any property, except the furniture of a large houſe in one of the new ſquares, an equipage, a few jewels, and ſome plate.

The

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage was ſold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and ſome uſeful pieces of the plate, were reſerved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithſtanding this change in their circumſtances, they did not immediately loſe their rank. They were ſtill viſited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though ſome gratified their pride by aſſuming the appearance of pity, and rather inſulted than alleviated their diſtreſs by the whine of condolence, and minute compariſon of what they had loſt with what they poſſeſſed; yet from others they were continually receiving preſents, which ſtill enabled them to live with a genteel frugality: they were ſtill conſidered as people of faſhion, and treated by thoſe of a lower claſs with diſtant reſpect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a ſphere to which ſhe had no claim; ſhe was perpetually ſurrounded with elegance and ſplendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could diſſipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loſs of enjoyments, which ſhe could neither hope to obtain, nor ceaſe to deſire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty, but her wit: theſe qualifications ſhe conſidered,

dered, not only as ſecuring whatever ſhe enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of poſſeſſing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the viſion that danced before her, derived ſtability from the very vanity which it flattered: and ſhe had as little apprehenſion of diſtreſs, as diffidence of her own power to pleaſe.

There was a faſhionable levity in her carriage and diſcourſe, which her mother, who knew the danger of her ſituation, laboured to reſtrain, ſometimes with anger, ſometimes with tears, but always without ſucceſs. Flavilla was ever ready to anſwer, that ſhe neither did nor ſaid any thing of which ſhe had reaſon to be aſhamed; and therefore did not know why ſhe ſhould be reſtrained, except in mere courteſy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to ſlander, whom it was a diſgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and careſſed, the influence of her mother became leſs; and though ſhe always treated her with reſpect, from a point of good breeding, yet ſhe ſecretly deſpiſed her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toaſt; and among other gay viſitants, who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his title and eſtate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which

encouraged

encouraged Flavilla to hope that ſhe ſhould obtain him for a huſband: but ſhe ſuffered his aſſiduities with ſuch apparent pleaſure, and his familiarities with ſo little reſerve, that he ſoon ventured to diſcloſe his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel propoſal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmoſt indignation and diſdain. Clodio, who, notwithſtanding his youth, had long known and often practiſed the arts of ſeduction, gave way to the ſtorm, threw himſelf at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his paſſion, flattered her pride by the moſt abject ſubmiſſion and extravagant praiſe, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were ſtill predominant; ſhe ſtill hoped to ſucceed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his viſits were permitted, his familiarities were again ſuffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that ſhe loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiſcretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the ſtrongeſt obligation

to treat her with generoſity and tenderneſs, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of ſucceſs. Having, therefore, reſolved to obtain her as a miſtreſs, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken ſuch a reſolution, juſtify it by ſome plauſible ſophiſtry, and give her ſome time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a ſhort journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he often reflected, with inexpreſſible regret, "upon her reſentment of his conduct in a late in-"ſtance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of "his affection were inſuperable obſtacles to his mar-"riage; that where there was no liberty, there could "be no happineſs: that he ſhould become indif-"ferent to the endearments of love, when they could "no longer be diſtinguiſhed from the officiouſneſs "of duty: that while they were happy in the poſ-"ſeſſion of each other, it would be abſurd to ſup-"poſe they would part; and that if this happineſs "ſhould ceaſe, it would not only inſure but aggra-"vate their miſery to be inſeparably united; that "this event was leſs probable, in proportion as their "co-habitation was voluntary; but that he would "make ſuch proviſion for her upon her contin-

"gency,

" gency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He " conjured her not to determine under the influence " of prejudice and cuſtom, but according to the " laws of reaſon and nature. After mature delibe- " ration," ſaid he, " remember that the whole " value of my life depends upon your will. I do " not requeſt an explicit conſent, with whatever " tranſport I might behold the lovely confuſion " which it might produce. I ſhall attend you in a " few days; with the anxiety, though not with the " guilt, of a criminal who waits for the deciſion of " his judge. If my viſit is admitted, we will never " part; if it is rejected, I can never ſee you more."

Flavilla had too much underſtanding, as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this propoſal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio ſhould be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which ſhe could not reſiſt; ſhe ſhewed it firſt to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who expoſes a vanquiſhed enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; ſhe conſidered it as an indiſputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to cenſure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or reſtraint.

It happened that Flavilla, ſoon after this accident, was ſeen in one of the boxes at the play-houſe by Mercator, a young gentleman who had juſt returned from his firſt voyage as captain of a large ſhip in the Levant Trade, which had been purchaſed for him by his father, whoſe fortune enabled him to make a genteel proviſion for five ſons, of whom Mercator was the youngeſt, and who expected to ſhare his eſtate, which was perſonal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but diſcouraged by the ſplendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged, rather by curioſity than hope, to inquire who ſhe was; and he ſoon gained ſuch a knowledge of her circumſtances as relieved him from deſpair.

As he knew not how to get admiſſion to her company, and had no deſigns upon her virtue, he wrote in the firſt ardour of his paſſion to her mother, giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to viſit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made ſome inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, ſent him an invitation, and received his firſt viſit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a conſiderable part of his own

was

was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the diſappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more neceſſary that they ſhould be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's conſent, before any other ſtep was taken, leſt he ſhould be embarraſſed by engagements which young perſons almoſt inſenſibly contract, whoſe complacency in each other is continually gaining ſtrength by frequent viſits and converſation. To this counſel, ſo ſalutary and perplexing, Mercator was heſitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only ſolicitous to improve. Flavilla was not diſpleaſed either with his perſon or his addreſs; the frankneſs and gaiety of her diſpoſition ſoon made him forget that he was a ſtranger: a converſation commenced, during which they became yet more pleaſed with each other; and having thus ſurmounted the difficulty of a firſt viſit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auſpices were not neceſſary to his ſucceſs.

His viſits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he preſſed his ſuit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the conſent which it ſolicits. At the ſame time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify

gratify his wiſhes at all events, he concluded, with a ſagacity almoſt univerſal on theſe occaſions, that of two evils, to marry without his conſent was leſs than to marry againſt it; and one evening, after the lovers had ſpent the afternoon by themſelves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had propoſed in the vehemence of his paſſion, and to which Flavilla had conſented in the giddineſs of her indiſcretion, and were married at May-Fair.

In the firſt interval of recollection after this precipitate ſtep, Mercator conſidered, that he ought to be the firſt who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in perſon, he expreſſed it in the beſt terms he could conceive by a letter; and after ſuch an apology for his conduct as he had been uſed to make to himſelf, he requeſted that he might be permitted to preſent his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whoſe character I cannot better expreſs than in the faſhionable phraſe which has been contrived to palliate falſe principles and diſſolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toaſted by rakes of quality, and had often ſeen her at publick places. Her beauty and her

her dependence, the gaiety of her dreſs, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumſtances of her ſituation, had concurred to render her character ſuſpected; and he was diſpoſed to judge of it with yet leſs charity, when ſhe had offended him by marrying his ſon, whom he conſidered as diſgraced and impoveriſhed, and whoſe misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he reſolved not to alleviate, but increaſe;—a reſolution, by which fathers, who have fooliſh and diſobedient ſons, uſually diſplay their own kindneſs and wiſdom. As ſoon as he had read Mercator's letter, he curſed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a ſtrumpet, to ſcreen her from publick infamy by fathering her children, and ſecure her from priſon by appropriating her debts. In an anſwer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his own reſentment, he told him, that "if he had taken "Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked "it; and if her extravagance had diſtreſſed him, he "would have ſatisfied his creditors; but that his "marriage was not to be forgiven; that he ſhould "never have another ſhilling of his money; and he "was determined to ſee him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loſs, diſdained reply; and believing that

he

he had now moſt reaſon to be offended, could not be perſuaded to ſolicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholſterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furniſhed a large houſe near Leiceſter-fields; and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received viſits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his deſire that they ſhould be repeated. But the remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as ſoon as he was abſent alarmed his ſuſpicion: he had, indeed, no particular cauſe of jealouſy; but his anxiety aroſe merely from a ſenſe of the temptation to which ſhe was expoſed, and the impoſſibility of his ſuperintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the ſame giddy circle, in which ſhe had ſhone ſo long; the number of her viſitants was rather increaſed than diminiſhed; the gentlemen attended with yet greater aſſiduity, and ſhe continued to encourage their civilities by the ſame indiſcreet familiarity: ſhe was one night at the maſquerade, and another at an opera: ſometimes at a rout, and ſometimes rambling with a party of pleaſure in ſhort excurſions from the town; ſhe came home ſome-

times at midnight, and ſometimes in the morning; and ſometimes ſhe was abſent ſeveral nights together.

This conduct was the cauſe of much ſpeculation and uneaſineſs to the good man and woman of the houſe. At firſt they ſuſpected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleaſure; and that the perſon who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had diſappeared upon pretence of a voyage to ſea, had been employed to impoſe upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain ſuch accommodation for her as ſhe could not ſo eaſily have procured if it had been known; but as theſe ſuſpicions made them watchful and inquiſitive, they ſoon diſcovered, that many ladies by whom ſhe was viſited were of good character and faſhion. Her conduct, however, ſuppoſing her to be a wife, was ſtill inexcuſable, and ſtill endangered their credit and ſubſiſtence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the diſadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the ſecond floor, had given warning; the family was diſturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crouded all day with meſſages and viſitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonſtrate, though in the moſt diſtant

diſtant and reſpectful terms, and with the utmoſt diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, " that " ſhe was a fine young lady, that her huſband was " abroad, that ſhe kept a great deal of company, " and that the world was cenſorious; ſhe wiſhed " that leſs occaſion for ſcandal was given; and " hoped to be excuſed the liberty ſhe had taken, as " ſhe might be ruined by thoſe ſlanders which could " have no influence upon the great, and which, " therefore, they were not ſolicitous to avoid."— This addreſs, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was eaſily underſtood, and fiercely reſented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have deſpiſed the counſel of a philoſopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a perſon ſo much her inferior, therefore, ſhe was under no reſtraint; ſhe anſwered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that ' thoſe only who did not know her would dare to ' take any liberty with her character; and warned ' her to propagate no ſcandalous report at her peril.' Flavilla immediately roſe from her ſeat, and the woman departed without reply, though ſhe was ſcarce leſs offended than her lodger; and from that moment ſhe determined, when Mercator returned, to give warning.

Mercator's voyage was proſperous; and after an abſence of about ten months he came back. The woman to whom her huſband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who perſiſted in her purpoſe, ſoon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had ſome cauſe to be offended, and inſiſted to know her reaſons for compelling him to leave her houſe. Theſe his hoſteſs, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that ſhe evaded his queſtion, he became more ſolicitous to obtain an anſwer. After much heſitation, which perhaps had a worſe effect than any tale which malice could have invented, ſhe told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often "ſtaid out very late; that ſhe had always been uſed "to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let "her apartment to ſome perſon in a more private "ſtation."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it juſt as much more than truth, as he believed it to be leſs. After ſome moments of ſuſpence, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that ſhe had already ſaid too much. She then aſſured him, that "he had no reaſon to be alarmed; "for

" for that ſhe had no exception to his lady, but thoſe " gaieties which her ſtation and the faſhion ſuffici- " ently authoriſed." Mercator's ſuſpicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his intereſt to truſt: he therefore, in the folly of his jealouſy, confeſſed, 'that he had ſome doubts con- 'cerning his wife, which it was of the utmoſt im- 'portance to his honour and his peace to reſolve: 'he intreated that he might continue in the apart- 'ment another year: that, as he ſhould again leave 'the kingdom in a ſhort time, ſhe would ſuffer no 'incident, which might confirm either his hopes or 'his fears, to eſcape her notice in his abſence; and 'at his return ſhe would give him ſuch an account 'as would at leaſt deliver him from the torment of 'ſuſpenſe, and determine his future conduct.'

There is no ſophiſtry more general than that by which we juſtify a buſy and ſcrupulous inquiry after ſecrets, which to diſcover is to be wretched without hope of redreſs; and no ſervice to which others are ſo eaſily engaged as to aſſiſt in the ſearch. To communicate ſuſpicions of matrimonial infidelity, eſpecially to a huſband, is, by a ſtrange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of juſtice but of friendſhip; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuſe

wretchedneſs

wretchedneſs only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindneſs of Mercator's confidant was on this occaſion overborne; ſhe was flattered by the truſt that had been placed in her, and the power with which ſhe was inveſted; ſhe conſented to Mercator's propoſal, and promiſed that ſhe would with the utmoſt fidelity execute her commiſſion.

Mercator, however, concealed his ſuſpicions from his wife, and, indeed, in her preſence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began ſeriouſly to diſapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great ſweetneſs was blended with a high ſpirit, he would not embitter the pleaſure of a ſhort ſtay by altercation, chiding, and tears; but, when her mind was melted into tenderneſs at his departure, he claſped her in an extacy of fondneſs to his boſom, and intreated her to behave with reſerve and circumſpection; "becauſe," ſaid he, "I "know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon "your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or "remove his diſpleaſure, and either intercept or "beſtow ſuch an increaſe of my fortune as will pre-"vent the pangs of ſeparation which muſt otherwiſe "ſo often return, and in a ſhort time unite us to "part no more." To this caution ſhe had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual proteſtations of unalterable love. Flavilla,

Flavilla, ſoon after ſhe was thus left in a kind of widowhood a ſecond time, found herſelf with child; and within ſomewhat leſs than eight months after Mercator's return from his firſt voyage, ſhe happened to ſtumble as ſhe was going up ſtairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably ſmall, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now neceſſary, that the vigils of whiſt and the tumults of balls and viſits ſhould, for a while, be ſuſpended; and in the interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla firſt became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they laſt parted, which had made an indelible impreſſion upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithſtanding the manner in which it was expreſſed, and the reaſon upon which it was founded, ſhe began to fear that it might have been ſecretly prompted by jealouſy. The birth, therefore, of her firſt child in his abſence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not poſſibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was ſtill leſs in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her ſtill more.

It happened that ſome civilities which ſhe received from a lady which ſat next her at an opera, and whom ſhe had never ſeen before, introduced a converſation, which ſo much delighted her, that ſhe gave her a preſſing invitation to viſit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the viſit was paid. Flavilla was not leſs pleaſed at the ſecond interview, than ſhe had been at the firſt; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where ſhe lived, took the firſt opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which ſhe was received, was the ground-floor of an elegant houſe, at a ſmall diſtance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the Horſe-Guards riding through the ſtreet, ſhe expected to ſee ſome of the royal family, and haſtily threw up the ſaſh. A gentleman who was paſſing by at the ſame inſtant, turned about at the noiſe of the window, and Flavilla no ſooner ſaw his face, than ſhe knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking firſt ſtedfaſtly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom ſhe was viſiting, he affected a contemptuous ſneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into ſome confuſion by the ſudden and unexpected ſight of a perſon, whom ſhe knew conſidered her as the diſgrace of his family, and the ruin of his child, now changed

countenance,

countenance, and haſtily retired to another part of the room: ſhe was touched both with grief and anger at this ſilent inſult, of which, however, ſhe did not then ſuſpect the cauſe. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as ſoon as he ſaw her companion, he recollected that ſhe was the favourite miſtreſs of an old courtier, and that this was the houſe in which he kept her in great ſplendour, though ſhe had been by turns a proſtitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, ſoon after this accident, diſcovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom ſhe had been ſeen in her company, without the utmoſt regret and apprehenſion.

She now reſolved to move in a leſs circle, and with more circumſpection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom ſhe ſuckled, grew very faſt; and it could no longer be known by its appearance, that he had been born too ſoon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleaſures were now become domeſtic, yet ſhe feared leſt that which had produced ſhould deſtroy them. After ſuch deliberation, ſhe determined that ſhe would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a ſuſpicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult

difficult to remove, as her juſtification would depend wholly upon the teſtimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would neceſſarily become doubtful, when every one would have reaſon to conclude, that it would ſtill have been the ſame, ſuppoſing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the ſtate of Flavilla's mind; and her little boy was ſix months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a viſible confuſion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was leſs cheerful; ſhe ſmiled with inexpreſſible complacency, but at the ſame time tears guſhed from her eyes, and ſhe was ſeized with an univerſal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and careſſed firſt his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an exceſs of fondneſs and delight that before he had never expreſſed. The ſight of the child made him more than ever wiſh a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his firſt landing, that he was dangerouſly ill, he determined to go immediately, and attempt to ſee him, promiſing that he would return to ſupper. He, had, in the midſt of his careſſes, more than once inquired the age of his ſon, but the queſtion had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it ever produce any ſuſpicion.

He

He was now haſting to inquire after his father; but as he paſſed through the hall, he was officiouſly laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much diſpoſed to inquire how ſhe had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that ſhe had ſomething to communicate, which was at leaſt in her own opinion of importance, he ſuffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately ſhut the door, and reminded him, that ſhe had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had preſſed upon her; and that ſhe had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promiſe; that ſhe was extremely ſorry to communicate her diſcoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child "was born within eight months after his laſt return "from abroad; that it was ſaid to have come before "its time, but that having preſſed to ſee it, ſhe was "refuſed." This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her ſuſpicion; for Flavilla, who had ſtill reſented the freedom which ſhe had taken in her remonſtrance, had kept her at a great diſtance; and the ſervants, to gratify the miſtreſs, treated her with the utmoſt inſolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his queſtion concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had

been

been ſhedding tears of tenderneſs and joy over a ſtrumpet and a baſtard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He ſtarted up with the furious wildneſs of ſudden phrenzy; but ſhe with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He ſat down, and remained ſome time motionleſs, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderneſs for his father revived; and he reſolved, with yet greater zeal, to proſecute his purpoſe of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this ſtate of confuſion and diſtreſs, he went to the houſe; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then aſſembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to paſs from one room to another, heard his voice. He accoſted him with great ardour of friendſhip; and ſoothing him with expreſſions of condolence and affection, inſiſted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly conſented: he was received at leaſt with civility by his brothers, and ſitting down among them, the will was read. He ſeemed to liſten like the reſt; but was, indeed, muſing over the ſtory which he had juſt heard, and loſt in the ſpeculation of his own wretchedneſs.

edneſs. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the perſon who had been reading was ſuſpended; and finding that he could no longer contain himſelf, he ſtarted up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and reſentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequeſt only of a ſhilling, took him into another room; and to apologize for his father's unkindneſs, told him, that "the reſentment which he expreſſed at his "marriage, was every day increaſed by the conduct "of his wife, whoſe character was now become "notoriouſly infamous; for that ſhe had been ſeen "at the lodgings of a known proſtitute, with whom "ſhe appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and ſooth his diſtreſs, propoſed that he ſhould no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himſelf take ſuch meaſures with his wife, as could ſcarce fail of inducing her to accept a ſeparate maintenance, aſſume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterneſs of his affliction, conſented

conſented to this propoſal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the moſt tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a ſmall room in which they had been uſed to ſup by themſelves, and which ſhe had ſhut up in his abſence; ſhe counted the moments as they paſſed, and liſtened to every carriage and every ſtep that ſhe heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increaſed; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondneſs was only buſied to afflict her: ſhe wiſhed, ſhe feared, ſhe accuſed, ſhe apologized, and ſhe wept. In the height of theſe eager expectations and this tender diſtreſs, ſhe received a billet, which Mercator had been perſuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the ſtrongeſt terms with abuſing his confidence, and diſhonouring his bed: "of this," he ſaid, "he had now obtained "ſufficient proof to do juſtice to himſelf, and that "he was determined to ſee her no more."

To thoſe, whoſe hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which ſeized Flavilla upon the ſight of this billet, all attempts to deſcribe it would be not only ineffectual but abſurd. Having paſſed the night without ſleep, and the next day without food, diſappointed in every attempt to diſcover

cover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if ſhe ſhould have found him, whether it would be poſſible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a ſlow fever, which, before ſhe conſidered it as a diſeaſe, ſhe communicated to the child while ſhe cheriſhed it at her boſom, and wept over it as an orphan, whoſe life ſhe was ſuſtaining with her own.

After Mercator had been abſent about ten days, his uncle, having perſuaded him to accompany ſome friends to a country-ſeat at the diſtance of near ſixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to diſcharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a proſecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was ſinking very faſt under her diſeaſe, and the child was dead already. The woman of the houſe, into whoſe hands ſhe had juſt put her repeating watch and ſome other ornaments as a ſecurity for her rent, was ſo touched with her diſtreſs, and ſo firmly perſuaded of her innocence by the manner in which ſhe had addreſſed her, and the calm ſolemnity with which ſhe abſolved thoſe by whom ſhe had been traduced, that as ſoon as ſhe had diſcovered Fulvius' buſineſs, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return;

that

that if poſſible, the life of Flavilla might be preſerved, and the happineſs of both be reſtored by her juſtification. Fulvius, who ſtill ſuſpected appearances, or at leaſt was in doubt of the cauſe that had produced them, would not diſcover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expoſtulation at laſt engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as ſoon as ſhe had obtained this promiſe, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when ſhe had recovered from the ſurpriſe and tumult which it occaſioned, was ſupported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a ſhort billet; which was ſealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately incloſed and diſpatched it by the poſt, reſolving, that in a queſtion ſo doubtful and of ſuch importance, he would no farther interpoſe. Mercator, who the moment he caſt his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and the ſeal, after pauſing a few moments in ſuſpenſe, at length tore it open, and read theſe words:—

" Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I ſhould
" not be acquitted of guilt in any circumſtances,
" but thoſe in which I write. I do not, therefore,
" but for your ſake, wiſh them other than they are.
" The dear infant, whoſe birth has undone me, now
" lies dead at my ſide, a victim to my indiſcretion

" and

" and your reſentment. I am ſcarce able to guide
" my pen. But I moſt earneſtly intreat to ſee you,
" that you may at leaſt have the ſatisfaction to hear
" me atteſt my innocence with the laſt ſigh, and ſeal
" our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet
" ſenſible of the impreſſion."

Mercator, whom an earthquake would leſs have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderneſs revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguiſh upon the raſhneſs of his reſentment. At the thought of his diſtance from London, he ſtarted as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expreſſed at once an accuſation of himſelf, and a petition for her; and then ruſhing out of the houſe, without taking leave of any, or ordering a ſervant to attend him, he took poſt-horſes at a neighbouring inn, and in leſs than ſix hours was in Leiceſter-fields. But notwithſtanding his ſpeed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had ſuffered the laſt agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and diſappointment, remorſe and deſpair, now totally ſubverted his reaſon. It became neceſſary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-houſe he died.

May every lady, on whoſe memory compaſſion ſhall record theſe events, tremble to aſſume the

levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumſtances, to be leſs jealous than Mercator.

## ANECDOTE
OF THE
## DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHEN the amiable Ducheſs of Northumberland was ſome years ago on the continent, ſhe ſtopped at an inn in French Flanders, called the Golden Gooſe; but arriving late, and being ſomewhat fatigued with her journey, ſhe ordered but a ſlight repaſt for herſelf and her ſuite, which conſiſted only of five ſervants. In the morning when the landlord preſented his bill, her ſecretary was much ſurpriſed at one general item of "Expences for the night, 14 louis d'ors." In vain did he remonſtrate: the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Ducheſs, and was poſitive. The money was accordingly paid. When ſhe was preparing to depart, the landlord, as uſual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congé's, and expreſſing many thanks, hoped he ſhould have the honour of her Grace's company on her return.

"Why,

" Why, I don't know but I may," ſaid the Ducheſs, with her uſual good humour; " but it muſt be upon " one condition, that you do not miſtake me for " your ſign."

---

## ON TENDERNESS TO THE ANIMAL CREATION,

### AND THE COMMON BARBARITY OF OUR MOST CELEBRATED AMUSEMENTS.

DURING the time of the celebrated Thomas Kouli Kahn, it was a common amuſement with him and his officers, to take a number of aſſes, and try who could make the deepeſt inciſion in the backs of thoſe unfortunate animals with a ſabre; he that cut fartheſt was allowed the reputation of the ſtrongeſt man; and frequently it happened that one of the miſerable creatures was entirely divided aſunder by the force of a ſingle ſtroke. This anecdote was mentioned at a club, to which I have the honour of belonging, by a gentleman of unqueſtionable veracity and good ſenſe, who was many years a reſident in Perſia, and was an occaſional ſpectator at ſeveral of theſe inhuman diverſions; the whole company, to their honour it muſt be mentioned,

expreſſed an honeſt abhorrence at ſuch barbarous relaxations; and we all congratulated ourſelves upon living in a country, where it would be ſcandalous, for the very firſt orders, to imitate the Perſian hero in his brutal exerciſes.

When I got home, however, I could not help reflecting, that, notwithſtanding the conſcious pride of heart which we all poſſeſſed in the moment of ſelf-congratulation, a number of amuſements could be pointed out in this kingdom conſiderably more barbarous than the practice of hewing an aſs to pieces, though this appeared ſo juſtly ſhocking to our imaginations: nay, what is ſtill worſe, the enjoyment of ſeveral barbarities is particularly reſerved for people of the firſt figure and underſtanding, as if thoſe, whoſe feelings ſhould be uncommonly tender, had an additional title to the commiſſion of cruelties; and as if a violent outrage upon every ſentiment of humanity ſhould be the peculiar privilege of birth and fortune.—My readers may be ſurpriſed at this obſervation upon the people of England; yet let me aſk, if it be more cruel to torture an aſs, than to torture a ſtag? or whether it is not even more compaſſionate to diſpatch the firſt at a blow, than to purſue the latter for a number of hours, increaſing the wretched animal's agony at every ſtep, and yielding it up at laſt to a death that

muſt

muſt harrow up the boſom of any good-natured man, who allows himſelf a moment's ſpace for reflection?

The more in reality that we conſider this point, the more we ſhall find it neceſſary to condemn the inhabitants of this civilized, this benevolent country. The Perſian, when he diſpatches the unfortunate aſs, commits no treſpaſs upon the property of his neighbour, nor manifeſts any diſregard to the diſtreſſes of a friend: the animal whom he deſtroys is his own, it is confined to a particular ſpot, and nobody can ſuffer in its death but himſelf; whereas in the proſecution of the chace with us, we trample inconſiderately through half a country, perhaps, over the corn grounds and incloſures, which the induſtrious farmer has cultivated, or planted, at a very great expence; and if the perſon, whom we thus injure, expreſſes any reſentment at our conduct, we poſſibly horſewhip him for his inſolence, and ſend him home with the reparation of a bleeding head, to comfort his wife and children. This is not all, in the phrenzy of a hunting match, as well as being inſenſible to the wrongs which we offer to others, we become wholly unmindful of the prejudice which we do ourſelves; for let our lives be of never ſuch conſequence to our families, we become regardleſs of danger; we never heſitate at leaps that are manifeſtly

feſtly big with deſtruction; and even if the brother of our breaſt ſhould meet with any accident in this mad-headed courſe, ſo far from ſtopping to aſſiſt him, we make an abſolute jeſt of his misfortune, and expreſs a ſenſe of pleaſure in proportion as we find him involved in diſtreſs; if he diſlocates a leg or an arm by a fall from his horſe, he affords us an exquiſite entertainment; but if he actually fractures his ſkull, our mirth becomes extravagant, and we continue wild with delight, till happineſs is totally effaced by intoxication.

The civilized nations of Europe are extremely ready, upon all occaſions, to ſtigmatize every other part of the world with the epithet of barbarians, though the appellation might with infinitely more propriety, be conferred upon themſelves. Among the politeſt of our neighbours, there are a thouſand cuſtoms kept up, which would fill the moſt uncultivated ſavage with horror, and give him, if poſſible, a ſtill more contemptible idea of chriſtianity. An Indian Brachmin, for inſtance, will frequently go to the ſea-ſide, while the fiſhermen are drawing their nets, and purchaſe a whole boat full of fiſh for the humane ſatisfaction of reſtoring the expiring creatures to their natural element, and ſnatching them from death; nay, the tenderneſs of the Brachmins is ſo exceſſive, with regard to the animal creation, that

that they have been known to purchaſe cattle at an extraordinary price, merely to ſave them from ſlaughter; compaſſionately thinking the lowing heifer, or the bleating lamb, an equal, though an humble heir of exiſtence, with themſelves. What, then, would men of this exalted benevolence think of the Britiſh nation, were they to ſee with what ſolemnity the right of murdering an innocent partridge, or a harmleſs hare, is ſettled by the legiſlative power of the kingdom? were they to ſee the armies, which, at particular ſeaſons, iſſue forth to deſtroy the warbling inhabitants of the air, for actual diverſion; the ſporting tenants of the river, for idle recreation? But above all, what would they feel to ſee a generous domeſtic little bird, ſcandalouſly tied to the ſtake, and denied the ſmalleſt change of life, at the eve of a ſacred faſt, ſet apart by our holy religion for the purpoſes of extraordinary ſanctity, and the buſineſs of unuſual mortification?—It is impoſſible to imagine what they would feel, when there are even Chriſtians to be found, who cannot ſee the practice without horror, nor think of it without tears!

I am far from carrying my notions of tenderneſs to the animal creation beyond the bounds of reaſon, as the Brachmins do, who think it irreligious to feed upon any thing which has been ever endued with life; becauſe I believe, the great Author of all things

things deſigned theſe animals principally for the uſe and ſuſtenance of man: yet, at the ſame time that I ſuppoſe they were formed by the Deity for the relief of our neceſſities, I cannot imagine he ever intended they ſhould be tortured through wantonneſs, or deſtroyed for diverſion; nor can I imagine, but that even the ſuperſtitious forbearance of the Brachmins is infinitely more pleaſing in his ſight, than the inconſiderate cruelty of thoſe who profeſs an immediate obedience to his word. A God, all mercy, never takes delight in the unneceſſary agony of a creature, whom he has been pleaſed to endue with exiſtence; we therefore offer an inſult to him, when we give a needleſs pang to the meaneſt of his creatures; and abſolutely pervert the deſign of his providence, whenever we ſacrifice thoſe animals to our amuſements, which he has conſtituted entirely for the relief of our wants. I have thrown out theſe reflections with a benevolent purpoſe, as ſuch numbers of the ignorant and the thoughtleſs are apt to promote their amuſements at the expence of their humanity; ſhould what I have here offered be attended with the reformation but of an individual, I ſhall think my time well employed. Ridicule I muſt naturally expect from numbers, for daring to combat with favourite prejudices; but it is my conſolation, that no witticiſm whatever, which may be aimed

aimed at me as a writer, can, on the preſent ſubject of animadverſion, do me the minuteſt injury as a man.

---

## LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

### A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY diviſions frequently ſpring from very immaterial accidents, which gather ſtrength by repetition, till they are augmented in ſo formidable a manner, as to ſweep before them all the domeſtic virtues, and aboliſh all the amiable tenderneſs for which woman was originally intended by the divine Creator. I have been a frequent ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes of infelicity. Where I was in moſt expectation of finding the celeſtial ſeeds of connubial happineſs flouriſhing in exquiſite beauty, there have I been the moſt diſappointed. Inſtead of beholding a paradiſe, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occaſions me to publiſh the following obſervations. For theſe may be of utility to ſociety; as by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

LORENZO and VIOLETTA, have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in reſpect of fortune and age; the one being ſufficiently

ſufficiently affluent for the purchaſe, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleaſures of life. For ſome time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondneſs, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew leſs attractive to his heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits, than her domeſtic offices. In ſhort, both became diſintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their converſation little; till, at laſt, their affection ſeemed dwindled away to nothing, but a ceremonial complaiſance. Nature was ſoon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually burſting the formality of reſerve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneaſineſs to one or the other; which were productive of ſuch diſputes, as often terminated in a ſhineſs for two and ſometimes for three days together. Though they were both ſo far eſtranged from the lambent flame of love, their diſagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honeſty, by a recollection which juſt ſerved to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but ſtill they were

continually

continually manifeſting the difference of their tempers. They were both haſtily paſſionate; he was ſometimes ſurlily ill-natured, while ſhe was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both ſenſible of their folly, yet they ſtill perſiſted in their obſtinacy: if he ſpoke warm, ſhe reddened with a glow of anger; if he was deſirous of tranquillity, ſhe grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the oſtentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this uſhered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a miſguided paſſion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently ſwore, ſhe railed; and blows enſued. She felt the effects of his violence; he bore the marks of her fury. When their paſſions abated, ſhe ſat penſively venting the guſhing ſorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable careſſes, recompoſed her agitated ſpirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderneſs: they gently upbraided themſelves, confeſſed their folly, reſolved to oppoſe the excurſions of paſſion, and for ſome time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when paſſion has once got the head, reaſon vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became ſenſible of their ſmothered affection, yet they never

endeavoured

endeavoured to light up the extinguiſhed lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate ſallies; and were at laſt, ſo habituated to ſuch an ignominious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſions before company, till they are now become the deriſion of all their acquaintance. As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiſcretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſes the ſtrongeſt affection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed.

Violetta is alſo ſenſible of her erroneous behaviour, eſteems her huſband, and wears the throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally conſcious of their faults, are equally ſorry for them; and are equally deſirous of correcting them: but they are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, as to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary reſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible can alone give pleaſure to the bridal bed, happineſs to the prime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two perſons, once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould ſo diſown its empire, for the gratification of ſome ridiculous humour, it is moſt aſtoniſhing! That two perſons, who could ſo eaſily enjoy the beauties of life, ſhould ſo voluntarily baniſh themſelves

ſelves from the flowery road of happineſs, is amazing! But their conduct ſerves only to evince this golden maxim—that reaſon is the beſt gift of nature; for without her ſacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are leſs happy than peaſants in their cottages.

## JUVENILE DEGENERACY.

IF we take an enlarged view of the conduct of the younger part of the community, and ſurvey their numerous foibles with attention and ſerioufneſs, our feelings will be greatly alarmed, and our attention irreſiſtibly arreſted. It muſt be obvious to every impartial and attentive obſerver, that the Britiſh youth, for the moſt part, are too unhappily prone to every vice of diſgrace, diſrepute, and ruin. Every amiable diſpoſition, from the force, perhaps, of bad example, or fatal deluſion, is corrupted and deſtroyed by an attachment to the moſt ſhameful exceſſes of irregular pleaſure. Extravagance in dreſs, a vain oſtentation of their perſons, ſenſuality and impiety, are the leading features of their conduct. They plunge into a dangerous gulph of ſin and abſurd ambition; connecting themſelves with the moſt

moſt looſe and profligate, and ſacrificing their all at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality and diſhonour. Every virtuous motive is expunged from ſober reflection, as the ſource of madneſs and melancholy.

Thoſe virtues, the poſſeſſion of which conſtitute the real and only permanent happineſs of every rational being, are entirely diſregarded, and conſidered as unimportant acquiſitions and uſeleſs perfections. Piety, modeſty, ſympathy, charity, temperance, rectitude, fidelity, and all the fineſt feelings of human nature, are held in diſdain and contempt; while ſinful pleaſure, in all its gay and faſhionable allurements, is eagerly ſought after and embraced.

Would youth but liſten to the voice and perſuaſions of conſcience, the vicegerent of God himſelf; would they but ſhun temptations in every point of view with a juſt abhorrence, and cultivate ſuch manly and benevolent affections as are in themſelves amiable or commendable; how much more ſolid pleaſure and felicity might they enjoy, in compariſon of thoſe grovelling and contemptible purſuits, which reflect the higheſt diſgrace on the natural character of a juſt and reaſonable human creature! And yet, how many thouſands are there, who debaſe their own nature, by a continued courſe of depraved and vicious gratifications! However lamentable the idea of ſuch conduct may appear to every virtuous and

conſiderate

conſiderate perſon, daily obſervation too glaringly confirms the truth of this remark.

How graceful and becoming, on the other hand, would it appear in youth, were they to ſeek the the lonely habitations of the neceſſitous and diſtreſſed, and alleviate the ſorrows of real poverty and misfortune! The ſweet reflection of having relieved and comforted the fatherleſs and the widow can only be known to the compaſſionate, the liberal, and the merciful. Inſtead of indulging in immoral pleaſures, by poiſoning their minds, and rendering their mental faculties callous to every gentle feeling; would it not be more meritorious and pleaſing, and above all highly acceptable to the great Father of the univerſe, to accuſtom themſelves to contemplate the miſeries of human life?—I repeat it—to viſit the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan? Theſe are affections which ought particularly to be eſteemed and cheriſhed. Oh! ſay, ye happy poſſeſſors of riches, ſympathy, and benevolence, whether young or old, how great a bleſſing it is to bleſs and feel another's woe!

TO A FRIEND.

## TO A FRIEND.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of happineſs!
And happier yet, becauſe thou art bleſt
With prudence how to chooſe the beſt.
In books and gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
Thy noble, innocent delight.
Oh! who would change theſe ſoft, but ſolid joys,
For empty ſhows and ſenſeleſs noiſe?
Who would not chooſe at early morn to wake,
That of the garden's charms they might partake?
The garden yields each day a freſh delight,
Regales the ear, the ſmell, touch, taſte, and ſight;
It yields a calm and cool retreat
From fell ambition's burning heat;
The thriſt of av'rice here does never rage;
The garden's charms ſuch paſſions can aſſuage;
Cuſtom don't ſhed that influence here,
Which tyrannizes all the year
O'er ſuch as dupes to faſhion would appear.
We no where art do ſo triumphant ſee,
As when the gard'ner grafts or buds a tree.
He bids the four crab to produce
The wholeſome apple's pleaſant juice;

The

The ruſtic plumb and hawthorn he does teach
The one to bear a pear, th' other a blooming peach.
Where do we finer ſtrokes or colours ſee
Than on the painted tulip, or the verdant tree?
And if we do but ope the mental eye,
Reflection ſweet would lead us ſoon t'eſpy
E'en in a buſh the radiant Deity.
Scarce any plant is growing there,
Which againſt death ſome weapon does not bear.
Let cities boaſt that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the garden and the field,
That furniſh them with ſtaff and ſhield.
Who that has reaſon, and has ſmell,
Would not with roſes and ſweet jeſſamine dwell,
Rather than all their ſpirits choak
With exhalations of a city's ſmoke?
Where rank ambition daily breeds [weeds.
Flow'rs fair to view, which oft prove pois'nous
Nor does this happy place only diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the ſenſe:
Here blooming health itſelf does live,
That ſalt of life which does to all a reliſh give;
Its ſtanding pleaſure, and intrinſic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the ſoul's good fortune, health.

## AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain popular Nobleman, in his return from Bath to London, was ſo delighted with his entertainment at a great Inn in his road, that he ſtaid there a fortnight, with his retinue. On his departure, he took his leave of the landlord with great expreſſions of perfect ſatisfaction; but never aſked for his bill. The landlord carried his politeneſs ſo far as not to deliver his account till his Lordſhip was ſeated in his carriage, and juſt ready to ſet off. His Lordſhip looked at the ſum total, which was only two hundred pounds, ſaid the bill was extremely reaſonable, and bade the coachman drive on.

## BON MOT OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THE great Henry IV. of France being aſked by one of his haughty favourites, why his Majeſty gave himſelf the trouble to return the ſalute of ſo many beggars, who made their obedience to him in the ſtreets, replied, "Becauſe, I would not have "my beggars in the ſtreets exceed me in com-"plaiſance."

## ON JEALOUSY.

BEFORE the temple of marriage, which is holy and ſacred, we place the ſtatue of jealouſy, and daily offer a thouſand ſacrifices of ſiniſter ſuſpicions; yet it is far better to think well of a hundred that are ill, than ill of one that is innocent. A woman often is made loyal, by thinking her loyal: and he that doubts faith, well obſerved, puts himſelf in danger to ruin it by his ſuſpicion; for many there are who care not to forſake innocence, when they have loſt reputation. And when they are grounded in an opinion that their actions are ill interpreted, they thereby become apt to entertain all ſorts of miſchief. Jealouſy is a bad daughter, born of a good houſe, which is that of love and honour: ſhe hath eyes (like envy) ſo bleared, that they cannot endure a ray of the virtue or proſperity of another: a moſt unhappy paſſion, which, after it hath tormented all the world, devoureth itſelf, uſually growing from the moſt beautiful loves, as thoſe worms which are ſaid to iſſue from the faireſt flowers, or as the ſharpeſt vinegar proceeding from the beſt wines: an executioner retained within our own entrails.

He that is good of himſelf, will hardly believe evil of another, and will rather diſtruſt his own

ſenſes, than the fidelity of thoſe he truſted. A ſmall ſatisfaction contents thoſe whom guilt hath not made ſcrupulous. Let your ſuſpicions be charitable, your truſt fearful, your cenſure ſure. Jealouſy is the phrenzy of wiſe men, the well-wiſhing ſpite and unkind carefulneſs; the ſelf-puniſhment for others' faults; ſelf-miſery in others' happineſs; in its limits, the daughter of love, and mother of hate. He that is truly good of himſelf, will hardly ſuſpect evil of another; many have taught others to deceive, while they have appeared too jealous of being deceived. Open ſuſpicion of others comes from a ſecret condemning of ourſelves. Where diſtruſt begins, friendſhip ends. It is no ſhame to be ſomewhat ſuſpicious in matter of danger; whereas it is a great ſhame to be deceived through our own folly and facility: yet our ſuſpicions ought to be grounded upon good preſumptions; otherwiſe ſuſpicion, fearing enemies, will make an enemy; but wiſdom knows truſt ought here to be applied, and makes ſuſpicion jealous of loſing him by ſuſpicion. What this humour doeth undirected, it undoeth what directed full of preſervation.

Jealouſy is nothing elſe but love, impatient of a co-rival. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of another man's contentment; and the jealous cannot ſuffer it, through the over-

much

much love he beareth to himſelf, perpetually fearing leſt the communication of love may tend to the diminution of the good he poſſeſſeth, or pretends to have a right to poſſeſs. It is undoubted that a good huſband makes his wife loyal by accounting her ſuch; and that he who ſuſpecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occaſion of ſin. Moreover, the jealous man, like Ixion, lives upon the wheel of an eternal torment.

Alexander the Great was ſo free from ſuſpicion, that he received with one hand the drink, which his phyſician brought him, and with the other ſhewed him the letter, by which he was adviſed that Darius had promiſed him great rewards to poiſon him. A noble diſpoſition cannot believe that in another, which is not in himſelf, and will never diſtruſt thoſe whoſe ſervices have deſerved their truſt. Suſpicion is as great an enemy to wiſdom as credulity.

It is but the middle kind of wits that are capable of this contagion: excellent ones are above, and mean ones below it; theſe are ignorant of the occaſions, and the other unmoved with them. It is in this that ſtupidity arrives at the ſame points as wiſdom, and clowns are as happy as philoſophers. But thoſe that afflict themſelves for misfortunes, where there is no remedy but patience, do entertain this error in the world, and have a whole moon in their head,

head, when they think they have but half a one in their forehead. It is a paſſion very ſenſeleſs, whereby we afflict ourſelves, without obliging any body; and make a torment in this world, for fear of miſſing it in the next. If we diſcover our ſuſpicions to be falſe, we are obliged to a repentance: if we find them true, we cannot be too miſerable for being too curious.

Jealouſy hath no bounds to its invention, but impoſſibility: there is no malice black enough to blind this paſſion's capacity; it gives craft to the dulleſt, and perverts the moſt virtuous to ſeek ſatisfaction for this injury.

Some, that are none of the chaſteſt, are yet jealous of their huſbands, and violate the law of nature, as well as of divinity, not enduring to be paid what they lend. An ingenuous liberty is a better guard than any reſtraint. Freedom extinguiſhes deſire, and interdiction kindles it. When the opportunities of ſin are common, they are neglected; when they are rare, they are made uſe of, leſt they ſhould not be met with again ſo commodiouſly. Jealouſy is for love, envy for fortune, and emulation for virtue: the goods of fortune are too groſs and material; thoſe of love too light for our minds; only thoſe of virtue deſerve to be made their object. It is for her only that competitors endure one another in their deſigns;

deſigns; and there is no more ſedition or diſpute amongſt them, than there is for the impropriation of the light of the ſun, or the influence of the ſtars.

To find a retreat for the perſecution of jealouſy, let us make uſe of holy Joſeph and the Virgin, to teach us that the chaſteſt of women has made jealous the moſt innocent of men. There is ſometimes more misfortunes in it than ill-meaning: we muſt neglect the apparency like him, and ſuffer ſuſpicions like her. It is no ſmall conſolation to think, that after all the proofs and teſtimonies that may ſeem to be contrived to make us to conclude ill, it is better in this extremity to believe a miracle, than a ſin; and to acknowledge the power of GOD, rather than the weakneſs of the creature.

---

## ANECDOTE
### OF
## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN Elizabeth (ſaid Sir Walter Raleigh) would ſet the reaſon of her meaneſt ſubjects againſt the authority of her greateſt counſellors. By her patience herein, ſhe raiſed the ordinary cuſtoms of London, above fifty thouſand pounds a year, without any impoſition. The Lord Burleigh, the

Earl

Earl of Leiceſter, and Secretary Walſingham, (all three penſioners to Cuſtomer Smith) joined to ſet themſelves againſt a poor waiter of the cuſtom-houſe, called Cardwarder, and commanded the grooms of the chamber not to give him admiſſion. But the Queen ſent for him, on a petition, which he delivered into her hand, and gave him countenance againſt them all. It would not ſerve the turn with her to be told by her great officers, that ſhe diſgraced them by allowing her ear to the complaints of buſy heads, and that ſhe diſhonoured her own dignity. She had always this to anſwer:— "That if men ſhould complain unjuſtly againſt her "Miniſters, ſhe knew well enough how to puniſh "them; but if they had reaſon for the complaint "they offered, ſhe was Queen of all, the *ſmall* "as well as the *great*, and would not ſuffer herſelf "to be beſieged by ſervants, who could have no "motive for wiſhing it, but their intereſt in the "oppreſſion of others."

## ANECDOTE OF SULLY,

### MINISTER TO HENRY IV.

MADAME d'Entragues, Henry's favourite miſtreſs, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother, ſome

ſome gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him. "The King," ſaid ſhe to him, "would act very "ſingularly indeed, if he were to diſplace perſons of "quality merely to give into your notions. And "pray, Sir, to whom ſhould a king be kind, if not "to his relations, his courtiers, and his miſtreſſes?" 'That might be very well, Madam,' replied Sully, 'if the king took the money out of his own purſe; 'but in general he takes it out of thoſe of ſhop-'keepers, artiſans, labourers, and farmers. Theſe 'perſons enable him to live. One maſter is enough 'for us, and we have no occaſion for ſuch a number 'of courtiers, of princes, and of king's miſtreſſes.'

## THE DUTIES

### THAT OUGHT TO SUBSIST

### BETWEEN FRIEND AND FRIEND.

OF all the relations wherein we ſtand towards one another, there is none more ſtrict and binding, none more neceſſary and beneficial, than that of Friendſhip. For human nature is imperfect; it has not fund enough to furniſh out a ſolitary life; and the moſt delicious place, barred from all commerce and ſociety, would be inſupportable. Beſides there are ſo many adverſe accidents attending us, that,

that, without the communion of friendſhip, virtue itſelf is not able to accompliſh its end; becauſe the beſt good man, on ſeveral occaſions, often wants an aſſiſtant to direct his judgment, quicken his induſtry, and fortify his ſpirits. 'A brother,' indeed, as the wiſe man obſerves, 'was born for adverſity; but there is a friend, that ſticketh cloſer 'than a brother;' and therefore he that has found this precious treaſure has laid up a good foundation againſt the day of trouble; becauſe every true and real friendſhip will be an alloy to his ſorrows, an eaſe to his paſſions, a ſanctuary to his calamities, a relief of his oppreſſions, a repoſitory of his ſecrets, a counſellor of his doubts, and an advocate for his intereſt, both with God and man. And yet, as neceſſary and beneficial as this relation is, in all conditions of life, there is no one thing wherein we miſtake ourſelves more. Men uſually call them their friends with whom they have an intimacy, though that intimacy, perhaps, is nothing elſe but an union and combination in ſin. The drunkard, for inſtance, thinks him his friend who will ſwallow wine in bowls, and keep him company in his debauches; the proud man, him his friend who will blow up the bladder, and indulge his vanity with fulſome flattery; and the deceitful man, him his friend that will aid and aſſiſt him in carrying on his

ſchemes

ſchemes of fraud and diſhoneſty. But, alas! this is ſo far from being friendſhip, that it deſerves a very different appellation. A true friend loves his friend, ſo that he is very zealous for his good; and certainly he that is really ſo, will never be the inſtrument of bringing him into the greateſt evil. How far ſoever, then, a reſemblance in humour or opinion, a fancy for the ſame buſineſs or diverſion, may, on ſome occaſions, be a ground of affection; yet this is generally allowed, both by moraliſts and divines, that virtue is the only proper foundation of friendſhip, and that none but good men are capable of it: and, among theſe, it may not improperly be defined to be—An induſtrious purſuit of our friend's real advantages, or obliging ourſelves to do unto him all the good offices that our fidelity and aſſiſtance, our advice and admonition, our candour and conſtancy, can effect.

Friendſhip, both in the Latin and Greek languages, takes its denomination from love: and as love is every where the ſame, ſo there is no principle more faithful, and what leſs conſults the arts of diſſimulation. A friend therefore will purſue the advantages of thoſe he truly loves, as if they were his own; becauſe there will be no great difference between the power of ſelf-love, and the love of a perſon whom, by the laws of friendſhip, he is bound to

love

love as well as himſelf. From this principle he eſpouſes his intereſt, whether the opportunities of doing him ſervice be known to him or not: he maintains his honour and right, though invaded by the moſt potent adverſary, or ſtruck at by the moſt clandeſtine malice. And, as he ſuffers none he can hinder to injure his character or fortune, ſo he is eſpecially careful himſelf to avoid all ill-bred familiarities in company, or mercenary incroachments upon his good nature; as very well knowing, that friendſhip, though it be not nice and exceptious, yet muſt not be treated coarſely; and that the neglect of good manners therein, is the want of its greateſt ornament. Above all, he is continually upon his guard to keep the ſecrets, which his friend has repoſed in his breaſt, with the moſt ſacred taciturnity; becauſe a diſcovery of theſe, in the opinion of the wiſe Son of Sirac, who well underſtood the laws and punctualities of friendſhip, is an offence, of all others, the moſt provoking and the moſt unpardonable. For 'who ſo diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but, if thou betrayeſt his ſecrets, follow no more after him; for, as one letteth a bird out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let thy friend go, and ſhall not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far

far off; he is as a roe eſcaped out of the ſnare. As for a wound, it may be bound up; and, after reviling, there may be a reconciliation; but he that betrayeth ſecrets is without hope.'

How far the meaſure of mutual aſſiſtance ought to extend among friends, is not ſo eaſy a matter, in each particular, to determine; but this we may ſay, in general, that as far as opportunity, diſcretion, and former pre-engagements will give us leave, we may be allowed to go; and that to break upon the ſcore of danger or expence is narrow-ſpirited; provided the aſſiſtance may be given without ruin to ourſelves or prejudice to a third perſon, without breach of honour or violation of conſcience. Where the thing is unlawful, we muſt neither aſk nor comply. All importunities againſt juſtice are feveriſh deſires, and muſt not be gratified. He that would engage another in an unwarrantable action, takes him for an ill perſon, and, as the motion is an affront, ought to be renounced for the injury of his opinion. But where this is not the caſe, we ought to treat our friend, as far as prudence and juſtice will permit, with all the frankneſs and generoſity imaginable; to counſel him, when he wants advice; to cheer him, when he wants comfort; to give unto him, when he wants relief; and, even with ſome hazard to ourſelves, to reſcue him, when he is in danger.

And

And in doing of this, we ſhould conſider his occaſions and prevent his deſires, and ſcarce give him time to think that he wanted our aſſiſtance; becauſe a forwardneſs to oblige is a great grace upon our kindneſs, and that which doubles the intrinſic worth of it.

It is the obſervation of the wiſe King of Iſrael, 'Woe to him that is alone! for, if he falleth, he 'hath not another to help him up.' And this obſervation is verified upon none ſo much, as upon him that is deſtitute of friends; who, when he is under a perplexity of affairs, where a determination is dubious, and yet of uncommon conſequence, cannot fetch in aid from another perſon, whoſe judgment may be greater than his own, and whoſe concern he is ſure is no leſs. Every man, in his own affairs, is found to be leſs cautious than a prudent ſtander-by: he is generally too eagerly engaged, to make juſt remarks upon the progreſs and probability of things; and, in ſuch a caſe, nothing is ſo proper as a judicious friend, to temper the ſpirits, and moderate the purſuit; to give the ſignal for action, to preſs the advantage, and ſtrike the critical minute. Foreign intelligence may have a ſpy in it, and therefore ſhould be cautiouſly received; ſtrangers (I call all ſuch, except friends) may be deſigning in their advice, or, if they be ſincere, by miſtaking

miſtaking the caſe, they may give wrong meaſures: but now an old friend has the whole ſcheme in his head; he knows the conſtitution, the diſeaſe, the ſtrength, and the humour of him he aſſiſts; what he can do, and what he can bear; and therefore none ſo proper as he to preſcribe, to direct the enterpriſe, and ſecure the main chance.

But, among all the offices of friendſhip, there is none that comes up to our aiding and aſſiſting the ſoul of our friend, and endeavouring to advance his ſpiritual ſtate, by exhortations and encouragements to all virtue, by earneſt and vehement diſſuaſions from all ſin, and eſpecially by kind and gentle reproofs, where there is reaſon to preſume an offence has been committed. This is ſo peculiarly the duty of a friend, that there is none beſides ſo duly qualified for it. The reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of ſuperiority; of an enemy, from a ſpirit of malice; and of an indifferent perſon from pride and impertinence; and ſo be ſlighted: but when they come from one who loves us as his own ſoul, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they muſt of courſe take effect, and become irreſiſtible. Self-love, like a falſe glaſs, generally repreſents the complexion better than nature has made it; men have no great inclination

to

to be prying into their own deformities, and have ſuch unwillingneſs to hear of their faults that whoever undertakes the work, had need have a ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in his favour; and therefore the friend, that alone is qualified for it, acts the part of a flatterer, and betrays the offender into ſecurity, when he ſees him commit things worthy of blame, and yet ſilently paſſes them by. 'Open reproof,' ſays the wiſe man, 'is better than ſuch ſecret love; for 'faithful are the words of a friend, but the kiſſes of 'an enemy are deceitful.'

But though we are required to admoniſh our friend when we ſee him do amiſs, yet the manner in which we are to do it, will require our utmoſt care, and ſhew our ſkill and addreſs, as well as our love and eſteem for him. 'A word, fitly ſpoken,' ſays Solomon, 'is like apples of gold in pictures of 'ſilver: as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of 'fine gold, ſo is a wiſe reprover upon an obedient ear.' What gracefulneſs there is in colours judiciouſly choſen, and rightly put together; what agreeableneſs there is in the moſt valuable metals, ſo oppoſitely placed as to add to each other's luſtre; what beauty ariſes from the richeſt and choiceſt ornaments; ſuch is the gratefulneſs, ſuch is the excellency, ſuch is the beauty of a wiſe reproof, fitted to the occaſion of it, to the perſon and character of

thoſe

thoſe that reprove, and of thoſe that are reproved: and this, in the caſe of friends, ought certainly to be managed with all candour and kindneſs, with all meekneſs and humility, without any ſigns of bitterneſs, and words of reproach, or airs of ſuperiority.

But though we are allowed in this manner to reprove the faults of our friend, yet are we to remember that this is to be done in private; and that no care muſt be wanting, on our parts, to conceal them from the knowledge of others. And it is a great and noble thing to cover the blemiſhes, and excuſe the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his errors, and to diſplay his perfections; to bury his weakneſs in ſilence, and proclaim his virtues upon the houſe-top. This, as one expreſſes it, is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which, when the creature lies proſtrate in the weakneſs of ſleep, ſpreads the covering of night and darkneſs over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as ſoon as our ſpirits are refreſhed, and nature returns to its morning vigour, GOD then bids the ſun riſe, and ſhine upon the day, both to advance and ſhew our activity.

Theſe are ſome of the duties or approved qualities of friendſhip, viz. to be faithful in our profeſſions, and zealous in our ſervices, prudent in our advices, and gentle in our reproofs, to our friend; to

be dumb to his ſecrets, ſilent to his faults, and full of the commendations of his virtues; and, where theſe are mutually practiſed, there is leſs danger of the remaining duty, which is conſtancy, or ſuch a ſtability and firmneſs of friendſhip as overlooks and paſſes by all thoſe leſſer failures of kindneſs and reſpect, that, through frailties incident to human nature, a man may be ſometimes guilty of; and yet ſtill retain the ſame habitual good-will, and prevailing propenſity of mind to his friend, that he had before. Alas! there is no expecting the temper of paradiſe in the corruption of the world: the beſt of people cannot be always the ſame, always awake and entertaining; the accidents of life, the indiſpoſitions of health, the imperfections of reaſon, muſt be allowed for; nor muſt every ambiguous expreſſion, or every little chagrin, or ſtart of paſſion, be thought a ſufficient cauſe of diſunion. 'Ointment 'and perfume,' ſays the wiſe man, 'rejoice the heart; 'ſo does the ſweetneſs of a man's friend;' whereupon it follows, 'thine own friend and thy father's friend 'forſake not.' To part with a tried friend, and one that is grown old, as it were, in the ſervice of the family, beſides the injuſtice done him, is both unreaſonable levity, ſuch as argues a mind governed by caprice only, and egregious folly, ſuch as prodigally caſt away one of the greateſt bleſſings of human

human life. For 'a faithful friend is a ſtrong de-'fence; and he that hath found ſuch a one hath 'found a treaſure.' And as nothing can countervail a faithful friend, ſo when we have once entered into that relation, I know of nothing that ſhould diſſolve it, but either downright malevolence or incorrigible vice. Theſe indeed ſtrike at the fundamentals, and make a correſpondence impracticable; but, even when the caſe comes to this unhappy paſs, there is ſtill a decency in the manner of our diſunion, and prudence ſeems to direct that we ſhould draw off by degrees, rather than come to an open rupture.

From what has been ſaid on this ſubject, it ſeems plainly to follow, that every one is not qualified to enter into the relation of friendſhip, wherein there is occaſion for largeneſs of mind and agreeableneſs of temper; for prudence of behaviour, for courage and conſtancy, for freedom from paſſion and ſelf-conceit. A man that is fit to be made a friend of, muſt have conduct to manage the engagement, and reſolution to maintain it; he muſt uſe freedom without roughneſs, and oblige without deſign. Cowardice will betray friendſhip, and covetouſneſs will ſtarve it; folly will be nauſeous; paſſion is apt to ruffle; and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect: and therefore, to conclude with the wiſdom of the ſon of Sirac, in relation to the choice of a friend, 'If

'thou wouldeſt get a friend, (ſays he) prove him firſt, 'and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome man is a 'friend for his own occaſion, and will not abide in the 'day of thy trouble.' As, again, 'ſome friend is a 'companion at the table; in thy proſperity he will be 'as thyſelf; but if thou be brought low, he will be 'againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy face. 'Wherefore, prove thy friend firſt, and be not haſty 'to credit him.

## A CURIOUS ANECDOTE
### RELATING TO A
## LORD ABERGAVENNY,
### IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Lord of Abergavenny was ſo fierce and haſty a young nobleman, that no ſervant or gentleman in that houſe could continue long quiet, but he would quarrel with them upon any ſmall cauſe, till Mr. Perrot came thither, whom the gentlemen and ſerving-men perceiving to be of a bold ſpirit, comely ſtature, good ſtrength, and ſeemingly courageous, they then told the young Lord of Abergavenny, that there was a young gentleman come to the houſe, who would match him.—"Is "there ſuch a one?" ſaid he, "let me ſee him."—

And

And ſo coming where Mr. Perrot was, for the firſt ſalutation he aſked him—" What, Sir, are you the " kill-cow that muſt match me."—' No,' ſaid Mr. Perrot, ' I am no butcher; but if you uſe me no ' better; you ſhall find I can give a butcher's blow.' " Can you ſo?" ſaid he, " I will ſee that."—And ſo being both angry, they buckled, and fell to blows; in trial and continuance whereof, the Lord Abergavenny found that he had his hands full of him, and was rather over-matched in ſtrength, and had no advantage of him in ſtomach, whereby he was willing to be parted from him. So the ſerving-men and other gentlemen in the Marquiſs's houſe, (when they found the young Lord Abergavenny unruly) would ſtill threaten him with Mr. Perrot.

## A MEMORABLE INSTANCE OF HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

A Spaniſh cavalier, in a ſudden quarrel, ſlew a Mooriſh gentleman, and fled. His purſuers ſoon loſt ſight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himſelf over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addreſſed by

by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his caſe, and implored concealment. "Eat "this," ſaid the Moor, (giving him half a peach) "you now know that you may confide in my pro- "tection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as ſoon as it was night he would provide for his eſcape to a place of greater ſafety. The Moor then went into his houſe, where he had juſt ſeated himſelf, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpſe of his ſon, who had juſt been killed by a Spaniard. When the firſt ſhock of ſurpriſe was a little over, he learned from the deſcription given, that the fatal deed was done by the very perſon then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as ſoon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none ſhould follow him. Then accoſting the Spaniard, he ſaid, "Chriſtian, the perſon you have killed is my ſon; "his body is now in my houſe. You ought to "ſuffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have "given you my faith, which muſt not be broken." He then led the aſtoniſhed Spaniard to his ſtables, and mounted him on one of his fleeteſt horſes, and ſaid, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you "will be ſafe in the morning. You are indeed "guilty of my ſon's blood; but GOD is juſt and

"good,

" good, and I thank him I am innocent of your's;
" and that my faith given is preſerved."

## THE STUDY OF MAN.

THE life of man is a mixed ſtate, full of uncertainty and viciſſitude, of anxieties and fears. For no man's proſperity on earth is ſtable and aſſured; hence no ſtudy, to a thoughtful mind, can appear more important than how to be ſuitably prepared for the misfortunes of life, ſo as to contemplate them in proſpect without diſmay; and, if they muſt befal, to bear them without dejection.

Throughout every age, power has endeavoured to remove adverſity to a diſtance.—Philoſophy has ſtudied when it drew nigh, to conquer it by patience: and wealth has ſought out every pleaſure that can compenſate, or alleviate pain.

But religion has been no leſs attentive to the ſame important object. The defence which it provides is altogether of an internal kind.—It is the heart, not the outward ſtate, which it profeſſes to guard, by affording the diſtreſſed that ſecurity and peace, which ariſes from a belief of divine protection.—It opens

opens to them ſources of conſolation which are hidden from others. By that ſtrength of mind with which it endows them, it ſets them upon a rock, againſt which, the tempeſt may violently beat, but cannot ſhake; for it prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude, the moſt ſevere ſhocks of adverſity.

---

## GROSS ABUSES
## IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AMONG the many improvements that have been ſuggeſted upon the preſent ſyſtem of education, it appears extraordinary, that one abuſe, which ſtill ſubſiſts in full force, ſhould either have been altogether diſregarded, or at leaſt, not animadverted on with the ſeverity which it certainly deſerves. I mean here that tyranny which is ſo ſhamefully exerciſed at moſt of the public ſchools in this kingdom, and thoſe eſpecially which are of the greateſt eminence, by thoſe more advanced in life over the younger part of their fellows. Scarcely a gentleman who has been bred up at any of theſe ſeminaries of inſtruction, but muſt recollect, with ſome degree of indignation, the unworthy treatment he

he endured, in his early years, from his tyrannical ſuperiors.

This reflection will probably ſuggeſt another ſtill more painful to a liberal and generous mind, that he himſelf as he advanced in years and ſtrength, was ſo far miſled by cuſtom and the example of his aſſociates, as to practiſe the ſame cruelty and inſult which he had been before compelled to undergo. To particularize inſtances of ſuch treatment, would be unneceſſary. No man, educated at a public ſchool, can deny that the younger part of thoſe ſent there for education are treated not only in a ſervile and humiliating, and often in a cruel manner, but are often made panders to the vices of their ſuperiors.

The ſcandalous impropriety of tolerating ſuch abuſes muſt be obvious to every one; but it may not be amiſs to point out more particularly to the public ſome of the pernicious conſequences that may reſult from thence to the conduct and manners of the riſing generation, and the degradation and conſequent diſgrace that muſt neceſſarily be brought upon the national character.

Previous, however, to theſe conſiderations, it will be proper to view the ſubject with a regard to humanity.

Can the epithet of a tender parent be juſtly applied to any one who expoſes his children, at an early

and

and defenceleſs age, to danger, mortification, and inſult; to hazard, not incurred in the performance of any duty, and therefore unneceſſary; and to the wanton infliction of pain and vexation, from which no good can be produced? We have of late years been entertained with frequent declamations concerning the cruelty of maſters; of the humiliation and depreſſion of mind that is ſo likely to accrue from the ſevere diſcipline of a cruel pedagogue, and much common-place harangue of a ſimilar kind: but I am ſatisfied theſe complaints are without foundation, and are generally propagated by thoſe who wiſh to deceive mankind into an opinion, that learning and ſcience are attainable without labour and ſtrict application; and that this ſecret is in the poſſeſſion of ſome advertiſing maſter, who profeſſes to teach in a few months, what is, perhaps, no very difficult taſk, to make his pupils as wiſe as himſelf: or, in other words, to teach ignorance without trouble. I apprehend, that there is more reaſon to blame the ſchoolmaſters of the preſent age for too great relaxation of diſcipline, than for too ſevere exertion of it. Had that been properly ſupported, we ſhould ſcarcely have ſeen ſuch a mutinous diſpoſition prevailing among the boys at the public ſchools in this kingdom, as has taken place of late years; which has ariſen, not from over exertion of

authority,

authority, but from want of it;—not from reſentment of ill treatment, but from impatience of reaſonable controul;—not from a ſpirit of liberty, but from a factious licentiouſneſs of diſpoſition, encouraged by the backwardneſs or timidity of thoſe who ſuperintended their conduct, in repreſſing their irregularities before they burſt forth into outrage.

The continuance of the abuſe here complained of is a ſufficient proof, were there no other, that the authority of the maſters is at too low an ebb, inſtead of being tyrannically exerted. No man who has the charge of education, but muſt condemn ſuch a ſyſtem of domeſtic and petty, yet often cruel, tyranny. Yet, how few, if any, take meaſures to overturn, or even to moderate it! they are ſenſible that the abuſe is too deeply rooted to be redreſſed by ſuch coercion as they have the ſpirit to employ.

But, in reality, the diſcipline of a maſter, however ſevere we can reaſonably ſuppoſe it to be, muſt be much more tolerable to an ingenuous mind, than the tyrannical authority aſſumed by his equals. The chaſtiſements of maſter, we may preſume, are, in a good degree at leaſt, regulated by diſcretion, and intended to reform what is really amiſs; they can ſcarcely recur often to an individual, unleſs it is obviouſly the fault of him who ſuffers it; and they do not carry with them the ſting of inſult, which always

ways accompanies the wanton tyranny of thoſe whom we are ſenſible have no right to the power they aſſume.

Let us now take a view of the ſubject in a rational or political light. It is an obſervation of the moſt eminent author now extant, the ſacred writers excepted, 'That a man is deprived of half his worth 'to ſociety by being made a ſlave.' If this be true, can we think it a promiſing circumſtance for the nation, that the youth, on whom the conduct of it will, probably, in time devolve, receive their firſt principle of conduct in a ſtate of tyrannical ſubordination to their equals? Is it probable, that the impreſſions made at thoſe years ſhould leave no traces of their effects on the mind? What more improper ſyſtem of education could be deviſed for a free people, than one which commences with the ſlavery of an individual, and ends with his becoming a tyrant? The latter, indeed, is the natural conſequence of the former. Thoſe who have ſuffered in this manner, are impatient to revenge themſelves on others in their turn. It is remarked at the court of Turkey, that thoſe eunuchs who have ſuffered the worſt uſage in the firſt ſtages of their preferment, become the moſt cruel and ſevere over their dependents, when they get into power. Were we to educate a Captain Baſſa, or an Aga of the Janiſſaries, ſuch methods might

might be proper, but are totally oppoſite to a truly Britiſh ſyſtem. It is not indeed improbable, that ſome qualities might hereby be produced, which impoſe upon incautious obſervers for thoſe which are congenial to liberty. It may teach faction an overbearing diſpoſition, and an impatience of legal reſtraint; but it will not inculcate the neceſſity of reſpecting the rights of others equally with their own; it will not inſtruct them to value themſelves principally, if not altogether, on perſonal merit, and to prefer the intereſt of the public to their own private emolument. In ſhort, the object of obedience ſeems in our public ſchools to be at preſent miſplaced. Inſtead of its being paid to the inſtructors and guardians of the conduct of the youth, it is transferred, in a great degree, to thoſe who are leaſt proper of any to be intruſted with it. The maſters complain of want of authority; let them recover their loſt influence by the nobleſt means poſſible, that of freeing from undue reſtraint thoſe whom it is their duty to protect. Obedience, at preſent unnaturally diverted, will then return into its proper channel, and collecting there, will produce the beſt effects on the conduct and behaviour of our youth. It is probable, that, in every inſurrection at a public ſchool, not one twentieth part of thoſe apparently concerned engage in it voluntarily. They are compelled by the

the menaces or ill-uſage of their ſuperiors to mutiny and complaint, of what, perhaps, not one ſixth part underſtands even the pretended cauſe. Were this tyranny aboliſhed, rebellions at ſuch places would be no more; or if they ſhould break out, we might conclude that they were occaſioned by ſome real miſconduct of the maſters. Much danger to the younger part would be avoided, and much unneceſſary uneaſineſs. Principles of equality, liberty, and juſtice, would naturally diffuſe themſelves; order and regularity would be reſpected when they were alone entitled to command reſpect. The attention would then fix on its proper point, and probably continue through life to produce ſuch effects as might be hoped; namely, of obedience to the laws, and a zealous attachment to the free conſtitution of their country.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## ANN BOLEYN.

WHEN Dr. Fiſher, biſhop of Rocheſter, was beheaded, the executioner carried the head away in a bag, with an intent to have it ſet on London Bridge that night, according to the orders he had

had received. The Lady Ann Boleyn, who was the chief cauſe of this pious man's death, expreſſed a deſire to ſee the head before it was ſet up; accordingly it was brought to her, and, after viewing it ſome time, contemptuouſly ſaid the following words: "Is this the head that ſo often exclaimed againſt "me? I truſt it ſhall never do any more harm."

## UNIVERSALITY OF CRITICISM:

BY S. WHITCHURCH,

IRONMONGER, OF BATH.

HARD is his fate, in theſe cenſorious days,
Who rhymes for pleaſure, or who writes for praiſe;
Who rakes the embers of poetic fire,
And ſings, as love or friendſhip may inſpire,
Let but his weeping muſe the grave attend,
And pay her tribute to a lifeleſs friend;
Let him but dare, in undiſſembl'd woe,
To tell in print how pure his ſorrows flow;
Let him to public view expoſe his lyre,
Though fraught his numbers with poetic fire;
Lo! *would-be* Criticks riſe—a ſnarling band,

To

To damn the work, they cannot underſtand;
Their thick, their ſapient, ſkulls together lay,
Whilſt ign'rance dictates what they have to ſay;
They throw the blot of cenſure on his work,
And treat the author as they would a Turk.
Leaving his tea, his ſugar, and his plumbs,
Licking his fingers, ſucking both his thumbs,
The learned grocer, with ſagacious look,
Makes ſhrewd remarks upon the hapleſs book.
Mechanic preachers next in rank appear,
At the poor poet, and his verſe, to jeer;
To ſever wood, or wield the ſpade deſign'd,
They think by rule, to ſenſe and reaſon blind;
As ever us'd, ſo ſtill they work, or preach,
And proudly arrogate the right *to teach*;
Still the ſame hackney'd ſubject they purſue,
And ne'er produce a ſingle thought that's new.
Yet when a genius, bold and unconfin'd,
Dares to unlock the ſtorehouſe of his mind,
Dares to depart from ſyſtematic rules,
Dulneſs alarms theſe ſyſtematic fools;
Then fir'd with cruel rage they ſoon condemn
What can't be known, or underſtood, by them.—
Thus fidlers, tinkers, now-a-days will ſit,
And judgment paſs on works of real wit;
Knights of the razor, heroes of the gooſe,
Painters, and coblers, ready in abuſe,

Bakers,

Bakers, and ſmiths, and all the vulgar crew,
Which ign'rance owns, and wiſdom never knew,
Conſpire to run the work of genius down,
And with diſgrace its author ſtrive to crown.
But peace, my muſe, for tho' thy treatment rough,
When thou canſt pleaſe thyſelf—think that enough.

BATH, 1790.

---

*Copy of a letter from Sir* RICHARD STEELE, *to Mrs.* SCURLOCK, *mother of the Lady whom he afterwards married, which will be very acceptable to ſuch readers as are capable of properly eſtimating ſuperior talents, and unbounded philanthropy. This letter exhibits a minute ſtatement of his affairs, at a certain period, and diſplays ſuch a diſpoſition for domeſtic happineſs, as, if univerſally cultivated, would be found an infallible ſpecific for half the evils that embitter life.*

## TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

*Lord Sunderland's Office, Whitehall, Sept.* 3, 1707.

MADAM,

THE young Lady, your daughter, told me ſhe had a letter from you of the 22d inſtant; wherein you gave her the higheſt marks of your affection and anxiety for her welfare, in relation to

me. The main proſpect on theſe occaſions, is that of fortune; and therefore, I ſhall very candidly give you an account of myſelf, as to that particular. My late wife had ſo extreme a value for me, that ſhe, by fine, conveyed to me her whole eſtate, ſituate in Barbadoes, which with the ſtock and ſlaves (proper ſecurities being given for the payment of the rent) is let for 850l. per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to ſay, 425l. each firſt of May, and 425l. each firſt of December. This eſtate came to her incumbered with a debt of 3000l. by legacies and debts of her brother, whoſe executrix ſhe was, as heireſs. I muſt confeſs, it has not been in my power to leſſen the incumbrance, by reaſon of chargeable ſickneſſes, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at preſent, and ever ſince May laſt, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the Gazette, with a ſalary of 300l. a year, paying a tax of 45l. I am alſo gentleman waiter to his Royal Highneſs the Prince, with a ſalary of 100l. a year, not ſubject to taxes.

| | £. |
|---|---|
| Thus my whole income is at preſent per annum - - - - - - - | 1250 |
| Deduct the intereſt of 3000l. - - | 180 |
| Taxes for my employment - - - | 45 |
| | 225 |
| Remains after theſe deductions | 1025 |

This

This is, Madam, the preſent ſtate of my affairs; and though this income is ſo large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than juſt what pays the intereſt above-mentioned. If I may be ſo happy to obtain your favour, ſo as we may live together with ſingleneſs of mind, I ſhall readily go into ſuch meaſures as ſhall be thought moſt adviſeable for our mutual intereſt; and if it is thought fit, will ſell what I have in the Plantations. Your daughter acquaints me, there is a demand of 1400l. upon your eſtate, the annual income of which, is better than 400l. per annum. You have now the whole view of both our circumſtances before you; and you ſee there is a foundation for our living in a handſome manner, provided we can be of one mind; without which I could not propoſe to myſelf any happineſs or bleſſing, were my circumſtances ever ſo plentiful. I am at a pleaſing juncture in my affairs, and my friends in great power, ſo that it would be highly neceſſary for us to be in the figure of life we ſhall think convenient to appear in, as ſoon as may be, that I may proſecute my expectations in a buſy way while the wind is for me, with juſt conſideration, that about a court it will not always blow one way. Your coming to town is mightily to be wiſhed. I promiſe myſelf the pleaſure of a virtuous and induſtrious wife, in ſtudying

to do things agreeable to you. But I will not enlarge into profeſſions. I aſſure you, I ſhall always contend with you, who ſhall lay the greater obligations on the other; and I can form to myſelf no greater ſatisfaction than having one day your permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf, Madam,

Your moſt obedient ſon,
and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

## ODE TO WINTER.

COME, ſocial Winter, with your hoary train,
Come with the torch that lights to ſcience cell,
Peace be thy guide, in whoſe ſequeſter'd fane
The ſage delights, the muſes love to dwell.

For thee I quit the flowery paths of eaſe,
No more I ſtray thro' pleaſure's airy walks,
The autumn frowns, the leaves deſert their trees,
The ſongſters mope, the flowers leave their ſtalks.

Welcome, fond nurſe of contemplative hours,
No more the ſons of folly can delight;

The

The trump of wiſdom calls me to her bow'rs,
Where, at her ſacred ſhrine, my vows I'll plight.

Hail! ſtately virtue, who attends thy throne
In all the majeſty of heavenly birth,
A ray of glory brightens from her zone,
And beams immortal on her ſons on earth.

Haſte on thy pinions of celeſtial down,
With foſtering care beguile each irkſome hour;
May flattering Somnus, when I lay me down,
Careſs my fancy with his magic pow'r.

In the deep gulph of knowledge let me dive,
And ſearch for truth within her golden mine,
And from the fount of nature pure derive
Th' inſpiring genius, and the bliſs divine.

## ANECDOTE OF ROSS,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN the year 1752, during the Chriſtmas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby, phyſician to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, told me he was

was ſent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a ſlow fever, a heavy hammer pulſe, that no medicine could touch. The nurſe told him he ſighed at times ſo very heavily, that ſhe was ſure ſomething lay heavy on his mind. The Doctor ſent every one out of the room, and told his patient, he was ſure that there was ſomething that oppreſſed his mind, and lay ſo heavy on his ſpirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unleſs he would open his mind freely.

After much ſolicitations on the part of the Doctor, the youth confeſſed there was ſomething that lay heavy at his heart, but that he would ſooner die than divulge it, as it muſt be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor aſſured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power ſerve him, and that the ſecret, if he deſired it, ſhould remain ſo to all the world, but to thoſe who might be neceſſary to relieve him. After much converſation, he told the Doctor, he was the ſecond ſon to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordſhire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept miſtreſs of a Captain of an Indiaman then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intruſted with caſh, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two

hundred

hundred pounds; that, going two or three nights before to Drury-lane, to ſee Roſs and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was ſo forcibly ſtruck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace ſince, and wiſhed to die, to avoid the ſhame he ſaw hanging over him. The Doctor aſked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was ſent for by his maſter upon his being taken ſo very ill. The Doctor deſired the young gentleman to make himſelf perfectly eaſy, as he would undertake his father ſhould make all right; and to get his patient in a promiſing way, aſſured him, if his father made the leaſt heſitation, he ſhould have the money of *him*.

The father ſoon arrived. The Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cauſe of his ſon's illneſs, begged him to ſave the honour of his family, and the life of his ſon. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thouſand thanks, ſaid he would ſtep to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be ſettled in a few minutes, to his eaſe and ſatisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker's for the money, and would ſoon return with peace and forgiveneſs, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the

Doctor

Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulſe, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father came with notes to the amount of 200l. which he put into his ſon's hands—they wept, kiſſed, and embraced—the ſon ſoon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Dr. Barrowby never told me the name, but the ſtory he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was ſtanding by, he ſaid to me, "You have done "ſome good in your profeſſion; more, perhaps, "than many a clergyman who preached laſt Sun-"day;" for the patient told the Doctor, the play raiſed ſuch horror and contrition in his ſoul, that, if it would pleaſe GOD to raiſe a friend to extricate him out of that diſtreſs, he would dedicate the reſt of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or ſaw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note ſealed up with ten guineas, and theſe words: "A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly "obliged, and ſaved from ruin, by ſeeing Mr. "Roſs's performance of Barnwell!"

## ON GOD.

EVERY ſerious perſon muſt trace the marks of an inviſible hand, in all the variegated paths of life. He muſt acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh to direct his ſteps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the LORD, who delighteth in his way: and were we more obſervant of the hand of providence, many of our enquiries would be needleſs: we ſhould ſee the path marked out before us; and if at any time, thro' miſtake, we ſhould turn either to the right hand, or to the left, we ſhould hear a ſtill ſmall voice whiſpering behind,

"This is the way, walk in it."

Amaz'd, the wonders of thy GOD behold!
And meditate his mercies manifold.
Oh! happy time, when, ſhaking off this clay,
The human ſoul at liberty ſhall ſtray
Thro' all the works of nature! ſhall deſcry
Thoſe objects which evade the mortal eye.
No diſtance, then, ſhall ſtretch beyond its flight,
No ſmallneſs 'ſcape its penetrating ſight;
But, in their real eſſence, ſhall be ſhewn
Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

ON

# MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

MEMORY and Reflection are ſo intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impoſſible thing, how a man can perſiſt in a courſe of error and vice, who has not in a very conſiderable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is conſiſtent with the experience of all mankind. Slight inſtances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accuſtomed to review his conduct; but the moſt melancholy ones are in the caſe of thoſe who are ſuddenly arreſted in the career of wickedneſs by ſome temporal calamity, which confines them to ſolitude, and who very ſoon diſcover, with repentant ſurpriſe, that their preſent unhappy ſituation is occaſioned by their having forgotten the duties preſcribed in early life, ſanctioned by univerſal experience, and bounded by all the adverſities to which human beings are expoſed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be ſo much their advantage to remember? Why

Why is it they forego the pleaſures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Becauſe, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleaſures than the mind has any neceſſity for, they have no leiſure to abſtract themſelves from ſuch employments, to turn inwards, and to ſcrutinize the nature of thoſe things which ſeem to give moſt delight. It is wiſe, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retroſpective duty. It is wiſe now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the paſſions, and gratified the curioſity, be conſiſtent with thoſe laws which faſhion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however faſcinating, cannot abrogate.

Of ſuch opportunities for reflection, ſome are accidental, and ſome voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irreſiſtible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many ſuch, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindneſs; the ſudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of thoſe for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adverſities that may have happened to ourſelves, whether we have or have not exerted our beſt abilities to avert them.

them. To theſe may be added any great calamity fallen upon perſons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we muſt feel as good Chriſtians; or any national diſaſters, in which, though we may not ourſelves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. Theſe, I obſerve, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them ſeldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not loſt the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourſelves; and that they ought to be ſeriouſly embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The concluſion of a year preſents itſelf as one of thoſe occaſions, on which it is almoſt impoſſible to reſiſt ſome intruſions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we eſtimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly poſſible we ſhall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiſs, and to render the evening of life

life correſpondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not eſcape any one, that it has been checquered with numerous viciſſitudes, that have befallen thoſe who had a part in our eſteem, or our affection. Nor is it leſs obvious, that ſuch occurrences are a ſtriking confirmation of the ſhortneſs and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to exceſs for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More abſurd yet will it appear, to have ſacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield ſo precarious a ſatisfaction. Better far is it to conſider that, as time is ſhort, it ought to be huſbanded ſo as that we may have ſome conſolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been ſpent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, ſhould we be called to leave life in the midſt of our moſt engaging ſchemes.

'Divines,' ſays a learned author, 'have, with 'great ſtrength and ardour, ſhewn the abſurdity of 'delaying reformation and repentance;' a degree of 'folly, indeed, which ſets eternity to hazard. It is 'the ſame weakneſs, in proportion to the importance 'of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now 'claims our attention, to a future time. We ſubject

'our-

'ourſelves to needleſs dangers from accidents which 'early diligence would have obviated, or perplex 'our minds by vain precautions, and make provi-'ſion for the execution of deſigns of which the op-'portunity once miſſed never will return. As he 'that lives longeſt, lives but a little while, every 'man may be certain that he has no time to waſte. 'The duties of life are commenſurate to its duration, 'and every day brings its taſk, which, if neglected, 'is doubled on the morrow. But he that has al-'ready trifled away thoſe months and years in which 'he ſhould have laboured, muſt remember that he 'has now only a part of that, of which the whole 'is little.'

---

## COPY OF A LETTER

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

## A CLERGYMAN,

LATELY DECEASED.

AT a village not far from B——, in Yorkſhire, lived the good old Honoria, with her two daughters, Clarinda and Myrtilla. Clarinda, whom nature firſt brought *into this breathing world*, was but

but ſecond to her ſiſter in what is generally called beauty, but ſhe might have been called a fine woman; and if her good ſenſe, virtue, and diſcretion, had been thrown into the ſcale againſt her ſiſter's perſonal charms, the more conſiderate part of mankind would not have found themſelves at a loſs to know to which ſide the balance inclined. Myrtilla was greatly indebted to nature, for a genteel ſhape, an eaſy air, an elegant ſet of features, and a brilliant complexion. She had alſo a lively diſpoſition, and (ſetting aſide all her conſciouſneſs of her own perfections) a tolerable ſhare of good-nature.

Honoria, whom fortune had, in ſome meaſure, made independent of the world, lived in a genteel, though not in a ſplendid ſtile. She walked to church when it was dry, and had a coach to carry her in when it rained: ſhe ſpared no expence which was thought neceſſary for the education of her daughters, and ſhe divided her favours to them with ſo much impartiality, that it would be unjuſt to ſay ſhe loved one of them better than the other.

Clarinda, two years older than her ſiſter, had arrived to the age of one and twenty, when Valerius, a neighbouring gentleman, was in ſearch of a wife, to ſhare a very conſiderable eſtate, and imagined that he could no where ſtand a fairer chance than at ——. He accordingly made his addreſſes in form to the eldeſt

eldeſt ſiſter, and as he was greatly ſuperior to her in point of fortune, proceeded in his courtſhip with as much haſte as decency would allow, with as much expedition as he could deſire.

About the ſame time, the young, the rich, the gay Bellario, made ſimilar overtures to Myrtilla, but in a manner ſo different, with ſo becoming a grace, and in ſo powerful a manner, from the natural vivacity of his temper, and the brightneſs of his talents, that while he only ſtrove to gain Myrtilla's affection, he ſtole away her ſiſter's heart.

Valerius, who was in love even to diſtraction, ſoon perceived that his company, inſtead of being agreeable, was irkſome; yet he had not the ſlighteſt idea of the rival who had ſupplanted him. Bellario was ſo much employed with his Myrtilla, that he could ſeldom caſt a look at Clarinda; when he did look at her, he only made unfavourable compariſons.

Myrtilla, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed, could not ſee a lover every way ſo enchanting as Bellario was, at her feet, without being very ſenſibly affected by his aſſiduities. She loved him, ſhe almoſt adored. She bluſhed whenever he entered the room; ſhe trembled whenever he approached her; and if he preſſed her hand to his lips, her whole frame was inſtantaneouſly diſordered. When ſhe ſaw him proſtrate at her feet, ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength enough to ſupport her-

ſelf

ſelf from falling: it was with the greateſt difficulty ſhe could ſay, with a faultering voice, in ſuch a tender ſituation, " Pray, Sir, riſe."

At laſt the wedding-day was fixed, and he had free acceſs to his miſtreſs whenever he pleaſed, whether he was expected or not, at any hour in the day.

Valerius, in the mean time, experienced, daily, that his viſits were more and more diſagreeable, and as he loved Clarinda with an uncommon degree of affection, he was almoſt diſtracted by the mortifying reception which he met with. Clarinda, on *her* ſide, could not endure the very thoughts of him; ſhe was ready to run mad whenever her mother mentioned his name, and continually intreated her, if ſhe had not a mind to be the cauſe of her death, never to admit Valerius into the houſe.

Honoria wanted not to be acquainted with the ſecret ſprings of Clarinda's behaviour, for ſhe had often obſerved her uneaſineſs when Bellario entertained her ſiſter; but as ſhe regarded the happineſs of her child, unbiaſſed by any intereſted views, and was willing to hope that when Bellario and her ſiſter were married, her averſion to Valerius would gradually decreaſe, ſhe promiſed not only to exclude him, but never to mention the name of a man againſt whom her antipathy was ſo ſtrong. In compliance with this promiſe, ſhe ſoon found an

excuſe for deſiring Valerius to refrain from viſiting her daughter, pretending that ſhe was very much indiſpoſed, or that ſome family affairs had rendered it neceſſary to give an interruption to his viſits.

One day, while Clarinda and her mother were taking the air in the coach, Bellario came, according to cuſtom, to pay his reſpects to his *inamorata*, and to talk of their approaching happineſs. He found her at her toilet, endeavouring to ſet off thoſe charms which added a luſtre, he ſaid, to the brighteſt jewel. As often as ſhe adjuſted her curls, he put them into diſorder, in a playful humour, and rejoiced at every little frown which he raiſed in her face, that he might have the ſatisfaction of telling her, in the ſame playful way, how ill ſhe acted her part. One ſcene of dalliance produced another: a thouſand times he offended: a thouſand times he aſked pardon: a thouſand times he was forgiven. He thought he could love her for ever: he ſwore he could: and ſhe, meaſuring the exceſs of *his* love by her own, fondly believed him, and as they were to be married in a few days, they began to conſider themſelves as man and wife: by this deceitful mode of reaſoning they were both of them ruined.

After having ſolemnly aſſured Myrtilla of his inviolable attachment to her, Bellario took his leave; but ſhe did not ſee him again in nine days from that

on

on which ſhe had left him nothing to aſk, nothing for herſelf to give. On the tenth he appeared, and enquired for Clarinda.—She was at breakfaſt with her mother and ſiſter, but roſe directly, and went out to him. In about five minutes ſhe returned, with her hand locked faſt in Bellario's. "Yeſterday, "Madam," ſaid he to Honoria, "made Clarinda "and me one: pardon me for doing that without "your conſent, which I could not have done with "it. On my knees let me beg your bleſſings for "the ineſtimable Clarinda, *your* daughter, and *my* "wife."

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the ſurpriſe of the good mother; it is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſhock which the poor deluded Myrtilla received. She fainted, and was carried to her bed, from which ſhe never roſe again. In five days after this ſevere blow, ſhe expired in the moſt dreadful agonies, exclaiming, in her laſt moments, againſt the falſe, the perjured Bellario.

Valerius, as ſoon as the marriage between Clarinda and Bellario was publiſhed, ſent the latter a challenge, and it was accepted. They met, and Valerius received a wound in his left breaſt, of which he died upon the ſpot. The conqueror, obliged to ſave himſelf by flight, left his wife without giving her the ſmalleſt hopes of ſeeing him any more. As

for Honoria, ſhe is ſo extremely emaciated by the ſeverity of her grief, that ſhe will, probably be, in a ſhort time, releaſed from all her ſublunary afflictions: ſhe wiſhes, indeed, with the moſt affecting earneſtneſs, to follow her dear, deluded, murdered child.

---

ON THE

## CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

LOOK on diſappointments, toils, and ſtrife,
And all the conſequential ills of life,
Not as ſeverities, or cauſeleſs woes,
But eaſy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by ſhort probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for tranſient pain.
Th' intent of Heav'n, thus rightly underſtood,
From every evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful proſpect to the blind;
The friendleſs thence a conſtant ſuccour find;
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppreſs'd,
With this reſtorative, ſtill ſoothes his breaſt.
This, ſuffering virtue cheers; this, pain beguiles;
And decks calamity herſelf in ſmiles.

# JULIUS AND MARIA.

IN the town of Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, before that country was annexed to the Britiſh empire, lived Monſ. de St. Pierre, a French merchant of great merit: he began the world with a ſmall eſtate, and although induſtrious, and frugal, had never been able, through repeated loſſes and diſappointments, much to improve it. This gentleman, at an early period of his life, married the daughter of an eminent merchant at Marſeilles, a young lady equally admired for her mental accompliſhments, and her perſonal charms. The caprice of parents, or the love of wealth, were none of the motives for this marriage; it was their own free choice, and of courſe they lived in a ſtate of uninterrupted connubial happineſs. In leſs than a twelvemonth they had a daughter, the fruit of their mutual love; and they now began to conſider themſelves as the happieſt couple in the univerſe, when, alas! how changeable are all human pleaſures, the wife was ſeized with a fever, in which ſhe continued for ſome time in great agony, and then expired, leaving her hopeleſs huſband to awake at his leiſure from that dream of uninterrupted happineſs they had promiſed themſelves. Monſieur de St. Pierre continued inconſolable

conſolable for ſome time; but at laſt, conſcious that his grief could be of no ſervice to the dead, he reſolved to baniſh melancholy from his houſe, and to beſtow that care and attention on his daughter, which death had put out of his power to ſhew to his wife. For this purpoſe, as ſoon as ſhe came of an age fit for receiving inſtruction, he conſidered with himſelf what education would be moſt proper, both for her own happineſs, and to render her agreeable to thoſe around her. In the courſe of his obſervations, he had frequently remarked, that children, either through the careleſsneſs of teachers, their own inattention and want of thought, or from ſome other cauſe, often returned from boarding-ſchools very little improved, either in their morals or in their ſtudies, (beſides, in Calcutta, a boarding-ſchool was entirely out of the queſtion) he therefore determined to educate her under his own eye, and for that end uſed all his intereſt, which was very conſiderable, to procure proper teachers for her, ſparing neither pains nor expence, provided they were to his mind. In this agreeable manner did he, for ſeveral years, paſs his time away, "teaching the young idea how to "ſhoot;" and he had the ſatisfaction to find, that his daughter made a progreſs equal to his moſt ſanguine expectations: add to this, that ſhe poſſeſſed all the good qualities of her father, and the accom-

pliſhments

pliſhments of her mother. At this time there arrived at Calcutta a young gentleman from England, the ſon of a rich merchant there, who was about to eſtabliſh himſelf in a lucrative buſineſs in that city, through the intereſt of ſome powerful relations he had in India.

Julius (the young gentleman) brought ſeveral letters of introduction from his friends in England, and, amongſt others, one for Monſ. de St. Pierre; and that gentleman ſhewed him all the attention and civilities in his power. Knowing the characteriſtic of the Britiſh to be that of a generous people, de St. Pierre had long entertained a particular eſteem for that nation: his houſe was at all times open to Julius, and he had not been many months there, when he contracted an affection for his friend's daughter, which, from an admiration of her virtues, was ſoon converted into a violent paſſion for her perſon. Every day added freſh fuel to his love, and every day the more was he convinced of her merit. A thouſand little attentions and civilities, for which the French ladies are remarkable, tended to keep alive his paſſion; and her father, who had long obſerved their growing loves, though, for many reaſons, he took care to conceal his knowledge of it, was by no means an enemy to the amour. Much about the ſame time, Maria (that

was

was the lady's name) received the addreſſes of Berenthius, another Engliſhman, fully a match to Julius in point of fortune, but far his inferior in point of merit; proud, ambitious, and ſullen; he knew no pleaſure but that of indulging his paſſions, or gratifying his ambition.

To one, therefore, of ſuch ſolid judgment as Maria, their different merits were very evident, and ſhe ſoon declared herſelf decidedly in favour of Julius; and Julius, who had long preſſed Maria to this declaration, was no ſooner informed of her choice, than he immediately wrote to his relations in the other parts of India, requeſting their conſent; and they knowing the good character Monſieur de St. Pierre had always borne in Calcutta, and hearing of the merits of Maria, ſoon returned him an anſwer favourable to his wiſhes. The moment he received this agreeable intelligence, he ran to the lovely Maria to inform her of his ſucceſs. Maria received the news with equal pleaſure, and the only thing they now wanted to complete their happineſs, was, to gain the conſent of Monſ. de St. Pierre. Maria had never given her father the moſt diſtant hint on the ſubject, and her fear of his diſpleaſure at a courtſhip carried on without his conſent, had long deterred her from mentioning it: however, as ſhe was amuſing him one morning, according to cuſtom,

with

with a few airs on the harpſichord, and finding him in a more than ordinary good humour, ſhe ventured to enter on the ſubject, enumerating all the good qualifications of her lover, and knowing at that time her father's embarraſſed ſituation, and the weight moſt old men lay on wealth, in love affairs, did not fail to mention the large fortune her lover was poſſeſſed of, and finally concluded, by ſaying, " that as Julius had gained the conſent of his rela- " tions, ſhe hoped her father would throw no obſta- " cles in the way." The good old man liſtened with much attention to his daughter, and, ſeizing her in his arms, exclaimed, ' My dear child, I have ' heard with rapture the obſervations you have juſt ' made; and although I have uſed great art in con- ' cealing my knowledge of your mutual paſſion, be- ' lieve me, I was by no means a ſtranger to it. His ' fortune, on which you ſeem to lay ſuch a ſtreſs, ' pleaſes me no further than as it will be the means ' of promoting your happineſs and independence; ' and as his friends are agreeable to the match, you ' have my full conſent and approbation. I have al- ' ways eſteemed his manners, and admired his vir- ' tues, and ſhall think myſelf much honoured by the ' connexion.' It is unneceſſary to add, that this declaration was highly pleaſing to Maria, and that ſhe immediately communicated the ſame to Julius.

Every

Every thing was now ſettled according to their moſt ſanguine wiſhes, and the day appointed to conſummate their nuptials, when an affair happened which retarded them for ſome conſiderable time, and had nearly proved fatal to both parties. A few weeks previous to the period of which we are now ſpeaking, ſome very ſerious diſturbances had ariſen between the natives of Bengal and the garriſon of Calcutta; and ſeveral of the moſt reſpectable inhabitants, amongſt whom was Julius, (who had got much into the good graces of the governor) were ſent as a deputation to the natives, to endeavour, if poſſible, to ſettle matters in an amicable manner. Such an honour done to ſo young a perſon as Julius, we may be ſure, flattered his vanity not a little, and the only objection he could make, was, that it would procraſtinate his nuptials with Maria longer than they had intended; however, with Maria's conſent, and at the repeated ſolicitations of the governor, he ſet out, expecting to return at fartheſt in five or ſix weeks. Berinthius, once more, in the abſence of his rival, redoubled his aſſiduities; but Maria continued deaf to all his propoſals, and he had reſolved to abandon his purſuit for ever, when an accident happened which refreſhed his hopes, and induced him to redouble his proteſtations. In the beginning of this hiſtory I informed the reader, that Monſieur

de

de St. Pierre, though eſteemed and reſpected, as he had never deſcended to thoſe arts which diſgrace too many Europeans in the Eaſtern world, had never been able to realize a fortune. He had, for ſome time paſt, ſuffered many conſiderable loſſes; and having at this time received accounts of the failure of a Britiſh merchant, a gentleman in whom he had always repoſed an implicit confidence, and who, at that time, owed him very conſiderable ſums; he was unable any longer to conceal his ſituation from the world. To add to his misfortune, he had ſome time before borrowed ſeveral large ſums of Berinthius, who, hearing of theſe domeſtic misfortunes, again renewed his addreſſes, in hopes that the fear of poverty might induce them to conſent to a match which they deteſted; but, finding them reſolute in their refuſal, and ſenſible that de St. Pierre was then unable to ſatisfy his demands, he required immediate payment of the different ſums he had advanced him, and added, that impriſonment would certainly be the conſequence of non-compliance. Monſieur de St. Pierre ſaid every thing he could to convince him of the impropriety of ſuch a demand, and of his inability to comply with it; but all to no purpoſe; and Berinthius left him in a rage, determined next morning to put his threats in execution. It is eaſier to imagine than deſcribe the ſituation of poor

Maria

Maria at this moment, but her father ſeemed to give himſelf very little uneaſineſs on the occaſion, endeavouring, as much as poſſible, to conceal his own feelings to alleviate his daughter.

Next morning arrived, and Monſ. de St. Pierre aroſe at his uſual hour, expecting every foot he heard to be the fatal meſſenger. He walked through the room for ſome time very much agitated; and, at laſt, calling a ſervant, deſired Maria might ſpeak with him. The ſervant ſoon returned with an anſwer, that his daughter was not to be found, and that ſhe had not been ſeen that morning.

The old man, at this intelligence, concluding that ſome misfortune muſt have befallen her, ruſhed into the ſtreets, frantic with deſpair, queſtioning every one he met reſpecting his daughter, but no daughter could be heard of. At laſt, paſſing accidentally the houſe where Berinthius lived, he overheard a female voice calling for aſſiſtance; and ſatisfied that it muſt be his daughter, he immediately, drawing his ſword, ruſhed into the houſe, and flying to the room from whence the noiſe proceeded, was met by four natives, ſervants to Berinthius, who oppoſed his entrance; but de St. Pierre, become deſperate, ruſhed upon them, and at laſt forced his way; but not before he had mortally wounded two of them, and diſarmed the others. The lady was in fact

fact Maria, and Berinthius, the moment he obſerved de St. Pierre, quitted her to defend himſelf. Monſ. de St. Pierre attacked his adverſary with all the fury injured honour could inſpire;—but Berinthius, who was young, healthy, and vigorous, would have ſoon got the better of de St. Pierre, had not Maria, while as yet the fatal ſword was ſuſpended to plunge into her father, ruſhed between them, and for a moment kept his fate ſuſpended; and de St. Pierre, who now in his turn trembled for his daughter, by the moſt fortunate thruſt in the world, not only ſaved Maria's life, but rendered his opponent unable to make any further reſiſtance.

The room was now filled with people from all quarters, drawn thither by the claſhing of ſwords, and the ſhrieks of Maria, who ſeeing the danger to which her father was expoſed, ran through the houſe calling for aſſiſtance, and tearing her hair in all the agony of deſpair.

The wounds which Berinthius had received, in this *rencontre*, were much more ſerious than was at firſt apprehended; and, as fears were entertained for his recovery, de St. Pierre, by command of the governor, was taken into cuſtody, to anſwer for his ſafety. Maria was now more inconſolable than ever, on ſeeing her father unjuſtly dragged to priſon, and that too on her account: however, ſhe determined

mined, whatever puniſhment he might be doomed to ſuffer, they ſhould ſuffer together, and ſhe accordingly accompanied him to priſon. Here Maria had leiſure to explain to her father the circumſtances of her appearance at the houſe of Berinthius. Morning no ſooner appeared, than this virtuous young lady had ſet out, in order, if poſſible, to prevail on Berinthius to retract the ſentence he had paſſed the preceding evening againſt her father; and, as they had uſed every other means in vain, to try if he would yield to the intreaties of one he affected to admire; but the heart of Berinthius was proof againſt compaſſion, and having never been able to gain her conſent to marriage, had ſeized the golden opportunity to force her to his purpoſes, when her father ſo providentially arrived to her aſſiſtance. They paſſed the whole night in priſon, without beſtowing a ſingle thought on ſleep, but ruminating on the occurrences of the day; and morning at laſt arrived, when the keeper came with the joyful intelligence, that Berinthius, in conſequence of his wounds, had expired late the preceding night, but not before he had exculpated de St. Pierre in the moſt unequivocal manner; and that, to ſhew his ſincerity the more, he had, previous to his death, cauſed the bonds he held of Monſ. de St. Pierre to be cancelled in his preſence. The conſequence of courſe was, that the

gentleman

gentleman was immediately liberated amidſt the plaudits of the whole city. Affairs were ſcarcely ſettled in this manner, to the mutual ſatisfaction of all parties, when the diſagreeable intelligence arrived, that the natives, in conſequence of ſome recent inſults they had received, added to the news of the murder of two of their number in the affair of Berinthius, had broken off all negociation with the gentlemen deputed from Calcutta, and that their prince, taking part in the affray, had commanded that all Europeans, reſiding in his dominions, ſhould be immediately thrown into priſon: he likewiſe gave notice, that next day he ſhould bring to trial ſuch of them as were within his capital; amongſt which number Julius had the misfortune to find himſelf and colleagues included.

The wretched Europeans, now giving up every thing for loſt, waited their ſentence with great compoſure; well convinced, that in that country their trial and condemnation were ſynonymous terms.—The fatal morning at laſt arrived, and the prince, ſeated on his throne, ſurrounded by his courtiers, commanded the priſoners to be brought forth.—As they were juſt about to proceed on the trials, they obſerved, amidſt the immenſe multitude that ſurrounded them, an uncommon noiſe and tumult; and the prince, ordering immediate enquiry to be made

into

into the cauſe of it, was informed that an European, who had eſcaped the ſearch of the citizens, now ſtung with remorſe for his crimes, demanded to be brought before their prince, and to ſhare the ſame fate with his countrymen.—The ſtranger, who by this time had reached where the prince was ſeated, falling proſtrate before him, thus exclaimed: "Mighty and illuſtrious prince, deign to liſten to "the intreaties of a wretch, who has rendered him-"ſelf unworthy to live, by taking away the life of "his fellow-creatures. I am the guilty wretch who "laſt night was the cauſe of putting to death two "of your ſubjects; on me then inflict the moſt ſe-"vere puniſhment, but ſpare thoſe innocent men." The Emperor, aſtoniſhed at the uncommon ſpeech he had juſt heard, and revolving in his mind that nothing but conſcious guilt could prompt one to ſuch a confeſſion, gave orders that the ſtranger, who by his own confeſſion acknowledged himſelf unworthy to live, ſhould be led to immediate execution; and that, in the mean time, the other priſoners ſhould be remanded back to priſon. The Europeans, who were no leſs aſtoniſhed at this tranſaction than the natives themſelves, no ſooner heard this ſentence than their aſtoniſhment was changed into pity and compaſſion for one who had, with ſuch heroiſm, endeavoured to ſave their lives, and demanded

manded as a ſmall conſolation, that they might be at leaſt allowed to ſee their deſerving countryman.

Julius, who was amongſt the foremoſt in this demand, marching boldly forward, judge what was his aſtoniſhment, his ſurpriſe, at ſeeing the face of this ſuppoſed ſtranger, when he immediately recognized his lovely Maria! Forcing his way, therefore, through all oppoſition, he ſeized her in his arms, in all the tranſports of love and admiration, and addreſſing himſelf to the prince, intreated that on him alone he might inflict the puniſhment of the law, but that the priſoner was entirely innocent. Finding, however, all remonſtrances were in vain, he told him that the priſoner, now under ſentence, was a woman, and of courſe unable to commit the crime alledged againſt her. The truth is, Maria, as ſoon as ſhe found her father was at liberty, and getting acquainted with the dangers her lover was expoſed to, immediately diſguiſed herſelf, and entering the city while they were proceeding to the trial of the Europeans, was determined to uſe every effort to ſave him.

The prince, now more aſtoniſhed than ever at ſuch a ſtrange diſcovery, interrogated Maria on the inducements ſhe could have to undertake ſuch an adventure. Maria was not aſhamed to relate the whole of the matter; and the prince was ſo pleaſed with the candid and ſimple manner in which ſhe told

it, that he immediately ſet them all at liberty; preſented Maria with a purſe of ten thouſand rupees; concluded a peace much to the advantage of the Engliſh intereſt; and Julius, and his virtuous Maria, having ſpent ſome days with the prince, returned to Calcutta, where they were received with the greateſt joy, and were ſoon after married. They lived happy together, and comfortable for a number of years, bleſſed with a numerous family, admired by the good, and envied by all—a pattern of virtue and conſtancy.

## ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

## LORD CHESTERFIELD.

TO ſay that his Lordſhip was one of the moſt celebrated wits of his time, as well as the polite gentleman, the philoſopher, and the ſtateſman, would be ſuperfluous. The following anecdote having been imperfectly told, it cannot be diſpleaſing to ſee it in its true light.

Lord Cheſterfield, being in company with Pope, Bolingbroke, Swift, and all the great geniuſes of that

that time, it was agreed to ſport their genius in extempore *bons mots* upon glaſſes. It came to Pope's turn, when he begged the favour of Lord Cheſterfield's ring, and wrote as follows:

" Accept a miracle, inſtead of wit,
" Two bad lines, by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Mr. Pope politely offered to return the ring, (worth near five hundred pounds) when Lord Cheſterfield ſaid, " No, Mr. Pope, pray wear it—for it " fits your hand infinitely better than mine."

## ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

A Miſer, having loſt an hundred pounds, promiſed ten pounds reward to any one who ſhould bring it him. An honeſt poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miſer, to baffle him, alledged that there was a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when loſt. The poor man, however, was adviſed to ſue for the money; and, when the cauſe came on to be tried, it appearing that the ſeal had not been broken nor the bag ript, the judge ſaid to

the defendant's counſel, " The bag you loſt had an " hundred and ten pounds in it, you ſay;" ' Yes, ' my Lord,' ſays he: " Then," replied the judge, " according to the evidence given in court, this can- " not be your money; for here are only an hundred " pounds: therefore the plaintiff muſt keep it till " the true owner appears."

## THOUGHTS

### ON THE

### TWO OPPOSITE PATHS PURSUED BY MAN THROUGH THIS LIFE.

THERE are but two general roads to go through this world; the *agreeable* and the *uſeful*. The firſt is taken by thoſe who are in ſearch only of pleaſure, and devote themſelves to the imaginary delights of deluſive happineſs; the ſecond is purſued by thoſe ſages, whoſe ſole ambition is ſolid advantage, even in the ſocial commerce of mankind.

The path of pleaſure wears an agreeable aſpect, adorned on each ſide with fruit trees of exquiſite beauty that delight the eye; but when a traveller is deſirous

deſirous of taſting them, they appear, like the apples of Sodom, to contain nothing but aſhes. As we advance a little, fountains are to be met with, from whence flow the moſt exquiſite wines: on every ſide are large fields covered with a variety of the fineſt flowers; and their fragrance exceeds even their charming appearance; this enchanting proſpect is bounded by little eminences, on which are erected magnificent palaces, with fine gardens, laid out in the moſt elegant taſte; orange and citron trees form the groves and bowers which invite to love. In theſe palaces mirth and feſtivity reign. In ſome apartments, tables are laid out with Epicurean repaſts, and ſide-boards with delicious wines: in others are the moſt lovely females, who ſue you to their embraces. Here is a concert of harmonious muſic, there is a ball in maſquerade, and play of every kind; in another ſaloon dramatic performers repeat the lively ſallies of the moſt brilliant wits. In fine, whatever paſſion can deſire, or fancy can ſuggeſt, to pleaſe and gratify, is here called forth to amuſe and delight the traveller.

In this purſuit of gaiety and diſſipation, three-fourths of his life has already elapſed, when, on a ſudden, he finds a wearineſs ſeize him from the extent of the road, which induces him to traverſe a horrid deſert, at the extremity whereof is a thatched cabin,

cabin. He perceives at the door an old man of ſhocking aſpect, wan and meagre, his eyes ſunk in his head, with grey locks interſperſed with black flowing down his ſhoulders, whilſt his garment beſpeaks a variety of wretchedneſs. The traveller, though terrified at the ſtranger's ſhocking appearance, has nevertheleſs the fortitude to aſk him who he is? "I am MISERY," replies the ghaſtly ſpectre, "placed here by the decrees of fate, to receive and "lodge ſuch travellers as come this way by the "road of pleaſure." The traveller, aſtoniſhed at this reply, enquires if there is no other place in the neighbourhood, where he may repoſe himſelf? "Yes," rejoins *Miſery*, "ten paces from hence "reſides my neighbour DESPAIR; but I muſt in-"form you, that of all the number who have thought "proper to viſit him, not one has ever returned; "and your choice is now confined to fix your abode "either with him or me, for ſuch is the certain ter-"mination of that career of pleaſure which you have "ſo long purſued."

As to the *uſeful* path, it is of more difficult acceſs; it can only be obtained by ſcaling ſteep mountains. In this arduous toil is the traveller's juvenile years paſſed, ere he can attain the ſummit of the eminence; being ſurrounded by the moſt dangerous precipices. During this period he has no other conſtant

conſtant companions than labour and anxiety, who indeed ſolace him with the charms and advantages of riches; and ſometimes *Hope* attends him for a minute, and perſuades him he will ſoon accompliſh his journey. His own wiſhes and deſires give credit to the flattering intelligence; and, being ſatisfied by the charm of theſe ſeducing promiſes, he gradually reaches the pinnacle of this tremendous mountain. Here he obſerves a fine plain, and a ſumptuous palace of beautiful conſtruction, ſtanding in a happy ſituation. He gains intelligence of the name of this edifice, and to whom it belongs; and finds it is called *Convenience*, and the hoſt's name is *Repoſe*. He is greatly pleaſed with this information, and haſtens to reach the agreeable ſpot, in order to reſt and refreſh himſelf after his fatigue and toil. The maſter of the manſion allots him an apartment agreeable to his requeſt, and *Hope* now whiſpers to him, "Here are you, at length, ſettled for the re-"mainder of your days." The traveller is enraptured at this information, and begins to meditate on the means of making himſelf maſter of the whole palace. He forms ſchemes, and bewilders himſelf with projects to compaſs this deſign, as he is far from being contented at occupying only this little chamber; and when he fancies he has juſt ſuggeſted the plan that will ſecure him ſucceſs, *Death*, with his ghaſtly

ghaſtly mien, appears and beckons him. He at firſt pays no attention to the ſummons; and when the grim tyrant approaches nearer, the traveller repulſes his attacks, and bitterly complains of the cruelty of fate, which compels him ſo ſoon to quit a ſituation that promiſed him felicity, after it had coſt him ſo much labour and trouble to attain it: but *death*, ever inexorable, ſeizes him without pity, and caſts him in a ditch ſix feet in length, where, covered with earth, he ſerves for food for the worms, and obtains no other recompence for all his toil, but a few words graven on marble, which tells poſterity, that ſuch a one *was a prudent, induſtrious man, and made his way in the world by dint of inceſſant application and indefatigable vigilance.*

VANITAS VANITATUM, ET OMNIA VANITAS.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## DEAN SWIFT AND AN OLD WOMAN.

THE Doctor having ſome knowledge of an old woman, known by the name of Margaret Stiles, and who was very much addicted to intoxication, againſt which the Doctor repeatedly admoniſhed

niſhed her, whenever he met with her; but, as he perceived, altogether without effecting any viſible reformation, notwithſtanding her ſeeming penitence and promiſes of amendment. One day, as the Dean was taking his evening walk, he ſaw Margaret in her uſual ſtate of inebriety, ſitting by the foot-path on a bundle of ſticks which ſhe had tumbled down with; the Dean, after ſeverely rebuking her, aſked her "Where ſhe thought of going to," (meaning after death.) 'I'll tell you, Sir,' (replied Margaret) 'if you will help me up with my wood,' which, after he had done, "Well, Margaret," demanded he, "now tell me?" 'Where do I think of 'going to,' (repeated Margaret, ſtaggering and ſtaring) 'why where there is the beſt liquor to be 'ſure, Doctor.'

---

ON

## TRAVELLING, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

I Have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almoſt all the European travellers, who have penetrated any conſiderable way Eaſtward into Aſia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce

commerce or piety, and their accounts are ſuch as might reaſonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of ſuperſtition, or the reſult of ignorance. Is it not ſurpriſing, that, of ſuch a variety of adventurers, not one ſingle philoſopher ſhould be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an impoſture.

There is ſcarce any country, how rude or uncultivated ſoever, where the inhabitants are not poſſeſſed of ſome peculiar ſecrets, either in nature, or art, which might be tranſplanted with ſucceſs. Thus, for inſtance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a ſtrong ſpirit from milk, which is a ſecret unknown to the chymiſt of Europe. In the moſt ſavage parts of India they are poſſeſſed of the ſecret of dying vegetable ſubſtances ſcarlet; and likewiſe that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardneſs and colour, is little inferior to ſilver; not one of which ſecrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Aſiaticks in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, becauſe they have no inſtances of the like nature among themſelves; but they would have treated the ſecrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compaſs, in the ſame manner, had they been told

the

the Chineſe uſed ſuch arts before the invention was common with themſelves at home. Of all the Engliſh philoſophers I moſt reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the ſeeming difficulties that oppoſe, prompts human curioſity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot ſubject the tempeſt, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh! had a man of his daring ſpirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to thoſe countries which have been viſited only by the ſuperſtitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and uſeful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country ſo barbarous, that would not diſcloſe all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a perſon, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling, ſhould only be to ſuit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he converſed: he ſhould not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar aſtronomy; nor yet inſtruct the polite Chineſe in the arts of ſubſiſtence; he ſhould endeavour to improve the barbarian in the ſecrets of

living

living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the ſpeculative pleaſures of ſcience. How much more nobly would a philoſopher, thus employed, ſpend his time; than by ſitting at home, earneſtly intent upon adding one ſtar more to his catalogue, or one monſter more to his collection? or ſtill, if poſſible, more triflingly ſedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or ſculpture of cherry-ſtones.

I *never* conſider this ſubject, without being ſurpriſed that none of thoſe ſocieties, ſo laudably eſtabliſhed in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of ſending one of their members into the moſt Eaſtern parts of Aſia, to make what diſcoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of ſuch an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers.

It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themſelves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the propereſt manner for an European to preſerve his health in the country. The miſſionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleaſure the country to which he was ſent embraced Chriſtianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fiſh, or the ſhifts he made to celebrate the rites of

his

his religion, in places where there were neither bread nor wine: ſuch accounts, with the uſual appendages of marriages and funerals, inſcriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: but as to all the ſecrets of which the inhabitants are poſſeſſed, thoſe are univerſally attributed to magick: and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he ſees performed, he very contentedly aſcribes them to the devil.

It was an uſual obſervation of Boyle, the Engliſh chymiſt, that if every artiſt would but diſcover what new obſervations occurred to him in the exerciſe of his trade, philoſophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be obſerved, with ſtill greater juſtice, that if the uſeful knowledge of every country, how ſoever barbarous, were gleaned by a judicious obſerver, the advantages would be ineſtimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many uſeful inventions, known or practiſed but in one place? The inſtrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious in my opinion, than the ſickle uſed in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known in only a part of France. If ſuch diſcoveries therefore remain ſtill to be known at home, what funds

of

of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only paſſed through by ignorant travellers in haſty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received into Aſia, may be alledged as an objection to ſuch a deſign. But how readily have ſeveral European merchants found admiſſion into regions the moſt ſuſpicious, under the character of Sanjapins, or Northern pilgrims? To ſuch, not even China itſelf denies acceſs.

To ſend out a traveller properly qualified for theſe purpoſes, might be an object of national concern: it would in ſome meaſure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might ſhew that there were ſtill ſome who boaſted a greater name than that of patriots, who profeſſed themſelves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in chooſing a proper perſon for ſo arduous an interpriſe. He ſhould be a man of a philoſophick turn, one apt to deduce conſequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither ſwoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular ſyſtem, nor inſtructed only in one particular ſcience; neither wholly a botaniſt, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind ſhould be tinctured with miſcellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourſe with men. He ſhould be, in ſome meaſure,

an

an enthuſiaſt to the deſign; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furniſhed with a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and a heart not eaſily terrified at danger.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## Mrs. MADDEN, AFTERWARDS LADY ELY,

RELATED BY MRS. BELLAMY, AS FOLLOWS.

WHILST I reſided at the ſheds of Clontarf, a ludicrous incident happened, which, though it was like to have been attended with ſerious conſequences to me, ſtill excites ſuch laughable ideas in my mind, whenever it occurs to my recollection, that I cannot forbear relating it.

One day the beautiful widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, came down to pay me a viſit. As it was a holiday, a circumſtance my viſitor had not recollected, and ſhe had come early in order to ſpend the whole day with me, ſhe accompanied me to a barn ſome few miles off, where the ſervice of our church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peaſants, was uſually performed.

As

As the place was ſituated upon the ſea-coaſt, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly conſiſted of fiſhermen and their families; and unluckily ſome circumſtances happened, which put our gravity to the teſt, and counteracted the intentional devotion with which we entered the ſacred ſhed.

The weather being uncommonly warm, and the barn much crowded, the effects ſoon became viſible on the countenance of the ſacerdotal gentleman that officiated. The ſubtle fluid produced by perſpiration, in plenteous ſtreams bedewed his viſage, which obliged him to have frequent recourſe to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been uſed before, his face was ſoon adorned with various ſtripes of that colour, and exhibited a ſpectacle that would have extorted a ſmile from the moſt rigid anchorite.

My fair companion, who, by the bye, loved laughing more than praying, and preferred a joke to a homily, by frequent jogs with her elbow, drew my attention to the outré figure that now preſented itſelf. In any other place, ſo ludicrous a ſcene would have afforded me the higheſt entertainment; but as I always make a point, and hope I ever ſhall, of behaving myſelf in a place of worſhip with that reverence and ſolemnity which is due to it, I was not to be tempted to forget where I was.

After

After the prayers were ended, the Miniſter gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintneſs of ſome of his expreſſions, rendered that hilarity which his be-plaiſtered countenance had firſt excited in my companion's mind, ungovernable. In the courſe of his oration, he took occaſion to introduce the fall of our firſt parents. When addreſſing himſelf to the female part of his congregation, who, as I have already ſaid, were fiſh-women, he exclaimed, with a much ſtronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even ſome of our preſent preachers, "Your mother Eve ſold her immortal ſoul, and "with it all mankind, for an apple; but ſuch is your "depravity, ye wretches, that you would ſell your "ſouls for an oyſter; nay, even for a cockle."

Though my fair friend had been hitherto able to keep her riſible faculties within tolerable bounds, an expreſſion ſo replete with low humour—ſo truly ludicrous—was not to be withſtood; ſhe burſt into a loud and violent fit of laughter, and hurrying out of the ruſtic chapel, left me to encounter the rage of the offended prieſt and his enthuſiaſtic auditory.

It was happy for me, that I had even then obtained the reputation of being a devotee, as the clergyman inſtantly put a ſtop to his exhortation, and addreſſed himſelf particularly to me. He told me that if he were not well aſſured, from the general

tenor of my behaviour, and the character I bore, that I was incapable of countenancing ſuch a flagrant affront to the Deity, he would cauſe me to be expelled from the mother church; but as he hoped that that was not the caſe, he would forgive my bringing with me a perſon, who, having no devotion herſelf, had dared to diſturb thoſe who had, if I would inform him of her name. In order to appeaſe the offended prieſt, I gave him my word that I would ſend to him; and the ſervice concluded without any farther interruption.

As to Mrs. Madden, ſhe prudently mounted her horſe, and returned with all ſpeed to my lodgings; ſhe otherwiſe would have ſtood a chance of being in the ſame predicament as poor Orpheus was; the common people of that country being no leſs revengeful, when their religious rights are ſuppoſed to be contemned, than the Thracian dames could be for the indifference ſhewn to their ſex by the ſon of Apollo.

Agreeable to my promiſe to the prieſt, I ſent to him ſoon after; not, indeed, to acquaint him with the name of my imprudent companion, but to endeavour to palliate her offence. Fortunately, Mr. Crump was his penitent, by whoſe means the affair was at length made up. And this interference was the only part of his conduct, with regard to myſelf, that I ever was pleaſed with.

THE

# THE SOCIAL ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.

THERE is a wonderful ſpirit of ſociality in the brute creation, independent of ſexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable inſtance.

Many horſes, though quiet with company, will not ſtay one minute in a field by themſelves; the ſtrongeſt fences cannot reſtrain them. My neighbour's horſe will not only not ſtay by himſelf abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a ſtrange ſtable without diſcovering the utmoſt impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a ſtable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other reſpects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themſelves, but will neglect the fineſt paſture that is not recommended by ſociety. It would be needleſs to inſtance in ſheep, which conſtantly flock together. But this propenſity ſeems not to be confined to animals of the ſame ſpecies; for we know a doe,

ſtill alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the houſe take no notice of this deer, being uſed to her; but, if ſtrange dogs come by, a chace enſues; while the maſter ſmiles to ſee his favourite ſecurely leading her purſuers over hedge, or gate, or ſtile, ſtill ſhe returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the aſſailants quite out of the paſture. Even great diſparity of kind and ſize does not always prevent ſocial advances and mutual fellowſhip. For a very intelligent and obſervant perſon has aſſured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horſe, he happened alſo on a time to have but one ſolitary hen. Theſe two incongruous animals ſpent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they ſaw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between theſe two ſequeſtered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped, with notes of complacency, rubbing herſelf gently againſt his legs; while the horſe would look down with ſatisfaction, and move with the greateſt caution and circumſpection, leſt he ſhould trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each ſeemed to conſole the vacant hours of the other; ſo that Milton, when he puts the following

ing

ing ſentiment in the mouth of Adam, ſeems to be ſomewhat miſtaken:

Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl,
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape.

---

WE have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals, in a lonely ſtate, may be attached to each other from a ſpirit of ſociality; in this it may not be amiſs to recount a different motive, which has been known to create as ſtrange a fondneſs.

My friend had a little helpleſs leveret brought to him, which the ſervants fed with milk in a ſpoon, and about the ſame time his cat kittened, and the young were diſpatched and buried. The hare was ſoon loſt, and ſuppoſed to be gone the way of moſt fondlings, to be killed by ſome dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the maſter was ſitting in his garden in the duſk of the evening, he obſerved his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little ſhort inward notes of complacency ſuch as they uſe towards their kittens, and ſomething gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had ſupported with her milk, and continued to ſupport with great affection.

Thus

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predacious one!

Why ſo cruel and ſanguinary a beaſt as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *feles*, the *murium leo*, as Linnæus calls it, ſhould be affected with any tenderneſs towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not ſo eaſy to determine.

This ſtrange affection probably was occaſioned by that deſiderium, thoſe tender maternal feelings, which the loſs of her kittens had awakened in her breaſt; and by the complacency and eaſe ſhe derived to herſelf from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much diſtended with milk, till, from habit, ſhe became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad ſolution of that ſtrange circumſtance, which grave hiſtorians, as well as the poets, aſſert, of expoſed children being ſometimes nurtured by female wild beaſts that probably had loſt their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant ſtate, ſhould be nurſed by a ſhe-wolf, than that a poor little ſucking leveret ſhould be foſtered and cheriſhed by a bloody grimalkin.

ANECDOTE

# ANECDOTE
OF
# JAMES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

OF all the qualities which marked the character of James I. King of England, there was none more contemptible than a pedantic diſpoſition, which he had obtained from a narrow, though a laborious education. Some ſchool-learning he had, the fruits of that unwearied application which is often united to mean parts. Of that learning he was ridiculouſly vain. His vanity was much heightened by the flattery he had met with from the minions of his Engliſh court. He was eager for an opportunity of diſplaying it to the whole nation: the opportunity was offered him by a petition from the Puritans, for a reformation of ſundry articles of the eſtabliſhed church. James gave them hopes of an impartial debate, though he mortally hated all the reformers, for the reſtraints they had laid upon him in his Scotch government. In this debate, James was to preſide as judge; and an aſſembly of churchmen and miniſters met at Hampton-Court for this purpoſe. From judge he turned principal diſputant, ſilencing all oppoſition by his authority and loquacity,

loquacity, and cloſed his many arguments with theſe *powerful* ones. "That Preſbytery agreed as well "with monarchy, as GOD with the devil; that he "would not have Tom and Dick and Will meet to "cenſure him and his counſel. If this be all your "party hath to ſay, I will make them conform them-"ſelves; or elſe I will *harrie* them out of the land, "or elſe do worſe—only hang them—that's all!" Great was the exultation and adulation of church-men and courtiers on this occaſion. Chancellor Egerton cried out, 'He had often heard that roy-'alty and prieſthood were united, but never ſaw it 'verified till now.' Archbiſhop Whitgift carried his flattery ſtill farther; 'He verily believed the 'king ſpoke by the ſpirit of GOD.'

## ANECDOTE
OF
## BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE very ingenious and amiable Biſhop Berkeley, of Cloyn, in Ireland, was ſo entirely contented with his income in that dioceſe, that when offered by the late Earl of Cheſterfield (then Lord

Lord Lieutenant) a biſhoprick much more beneficial than that he poſſeſſed, he declined it with theſe words:

" I love my neighbours, and they love me: why " then ſhould I begin, in my old days, to form new " connexions, and tear myſelf from thoſe friends " whoſe kindneſs is to me the greateſt happineſs I " can enjoy?"—Acting, in this inſtance, like the celebrated Plutarch, who, being aſked, " Why he " reſided in his native city, ſo obſcure and ſo little?" anſwered, ' I ſtay, leſt it ſhould grow leſs.'

## RELIGION

### THE ONLY FOUNDATION OF CONTENT;

#### AN EASTERN STORY.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabes, which riſes on the coaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar; but ſuch was the abſtraction

ſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground. "Son of affliction," ſaid Omar, "who "art thou, and what is thy diſtreſs?" 'My name,' replied the ſtranger, 'is Haſſan, and I am a native 'of this city; the angel of adverſity has laid his hand 'upon me: and the wretch whom thine eye com-'paſſionates, thou canſt not deliver.' "To deliver "thee," ſaid Omar, "belongs to him only, from "whom we ſhould receive with humility both good "and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the "burthen which I cannot remove, I may at leaſt "enable thee to ſuſtain." Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt:

'It is now ſix years, ſince our mighty Lord, the 'Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt 'came privately to worſhip in the temple of the 'holy city. The bleſſings which he petitioned of 'the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was 'diligent to diſpenſe; in the intervals of his devo-'tion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving 'diſtreſs, and reſtraining oppreſſion; the widow 'ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of

'age

'age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I 'who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no 'good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging 'at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. 'He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; 'perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, 'and that though I was poor I appeared to be con-'tent. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I 'haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as 'was in my power; and my cheerfulneſs was rather 'increaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After 'he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many 'queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always 'endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I per-'ceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with 'a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected he had 'ſome knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his 'country and his name.' "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I "have raiſed thy curioſity, and it ſhall be ſatisfied; "he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the ſove-"reign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of 'Medina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." 'Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, 'though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but Al-'malic, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the 'peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet 'upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about

'to

'to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented 'me.' "Haſſan," ſaid he, "forbear; thou art "greater than I, and from thee I have at once de-"rived humility and wiſdom." 'I anſwered, Mock 'not thy ſervant, who is but as a worm before thee: 'life and death are in thy hand, and happineſs and 'miſery are the daughters of thy will.' "Haſſan," he replied, "I can no otherwiſe give life or happi-"neſs than by not taking them away: thou art thy-"ſelf beyond the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed "of felicity which I can neither communicate nor "obtain. My influence over others fills my boſom "with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; and yet "my influence over others extends only to their "vices, whether I would reward or puniſh.

"By the bow-ſtring, I can repreſs violence and "fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can "transfer the inſatiable wiſhes of avarice and ambi-"tion from one object to another: but with reſpect "to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I "would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and "haſt therefore neither avarice nor ambition to exalt "thee, which would deſtroy the ſimplicity of thy life, "and diminiſh that happineſs which I have no power "either to increaſe or to continue." 'He then roſe 'up, and commanding me not to diſcloſe his ſecret, 'departed.

'As

'As ſoon as I recovered from the confuſion and 'aſtoniſhment in which the Caliph left me, I began 'to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his 'bounty; and accuſed that cheerfulneſs of folly, 'which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. 'I now repined at the obſcurity of my ſtation, 'which my former inſenſibility had perpetuated: 'I neglected my labour, becauſe I deſpiſed the re-'ward; I ſpent the day in idleneſs, forming roman-'tic projects to recover the advantages which I had 'loſt; and at night, inſtead of loſing myſelf in that 'ſweet and refreſhing ſleep, from which I uſed to 'riſe with new health, cheerfulneſs, and vigour, I 'dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue, 'of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and 'waked only to regret the illuſions that had vaniſhed. 'My health was at length impaired by the inquietude 'of my mind; I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſt-'ence: and reſerved only a mattraſs, upon which I 'ſometimes lay from one night to another.

'In the firſt moon of the following year, the 'Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſe-'crecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing 'once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as 'deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, 'not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, and 'vivid with cheerfulneſs; but pale and dejected,

'ſitting

'ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which 'contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagina-'tion for the realities of greatneſs. He entered 'with a kind of joyful impatience in his counte-'nance, which, the moment he beheld me, was 'changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had 'often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs 'the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, 'and throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand 'upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan," 'ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth "was the labour of thy own hand; and what can "have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was "in thy own boſom? What evil hath befallen thee? "Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." 'I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, 'Let my Lord forgive the preſumption of his ſer-'vant, who, rather than utter a falſehood, would be 'dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the 'loſs of that which I never poſſeſſed; thou haſt 'raiſed wiſhes which indeed I am not worthy thou 'ſhouldſt ſatisfy: but why ſhould it be thought 'that he, who was happy in obſcurity and indigence, 'would not have been rendered more happy by 'eminence and wealth?'

'When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood 'ſome moments in ſuſpence, and I continued proſ-

'trate

'trate before him. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I per-
"ceive, not with indignation but regret, that I
"miſtook thy character; I now diſcover avarice
"and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only
"becauſe their objects were too remote to rouze
"them. I cannot, therefore, inveſt thee with autho-
"rity, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to
"oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled
"to puniſh thee, for crimes which I firſt enabled
"thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee
"that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify
"the wiſhes that I excited, leſt thy heart accuſe me
"of injuſtice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to
"thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me." 'I
'ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings
'of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an
'extacy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out
'of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped
'from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the
'caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had
'fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.
'He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was
'attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were
'ſent from his own table; and I received every
'week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the
'moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon
'diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the

'food

'food to which labour procured an appetite; no 'ſlumbers ſo ſweet as thoſe which wearineſs invited; 'and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which dili- 'gence is expecting its reward. I remembered 'theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was 'ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though 'they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they 'were ſuddenly taken away.

'Almalic, in the midſt of the glory of his king- 'dom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſud- 'denly in the bath; ſuch, thou knoweſt, was the 'deſtiny, which the Almighty had written upon his 'head.

'His ſon Abubeker, who ſucceeded to the throne, 'was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded 'me at once with contempt and envy: he ſuddenly 'withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I 'ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which 'my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that 'within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of 'Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger 'and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all 'the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart de- 'ſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, 'that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happi- 'neſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me, this leſſon had 'not been written on the tablets of Providence! I

'have

'have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates 'in which I have been placed! The remembrance 'of both is bitter; for the pleaſure of neither can 'return.' Haſſan, having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together, and looking upward burſt into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was paſt, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My ſon," ſaid he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic "could give, or Abubeker take away. The leſſon "of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me "to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and la-"bour, only becauſe they were become habitual, "and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy "hope; but when eaſe and affluence approached "thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour "no more. That which then became the object "was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe "utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be "wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the "delights of paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that "by the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been "ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, "thou wouldeſt not have regretted that leſs was not "offered. The content which was once enjoyed

" was but the lethargy of the ſoul; and the diſtreſs
" which is now ſuffered, will but quicken it to action.
" Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things:
" put thy truſt in Him, who alone can gratify the
" wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy the ſoul with good: fix
" thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of
" which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and
" the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy
" labour; thy food ſhall be taſteful again, and thy
" reſt ſhall be ſweet: to thy content alſo will be
" added ſtability, when it depends not upon that
" which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which
" is expected in heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulneſs: his devotion became fervent and habitual: and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt.

# ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF A COUNTESS,

## WHO WENT A BEGGING.

THIS extraordinary incident, which was for many years proverbial in ſome parts of Staffordſhire and Worceſterſhire, occurred about the beginning of the reign of George I. During the depth of an extreme hard winter, a charity ſermon being preached at the pariſh church of Endfield, near Endfield-hall, a ſeat of the Lady Grey, near Stourbridge, Worceſterſhire, her Ladyſhip, who attended, was ſo affected by the pathetical addreſs of the rector, that in order to ſound the charitable diſpoſitions of the hearers, moſt of whom ſhe knew, ſhe diſguiſed herſelf in the habit of a beggar, and traverſing the pariſh a whole day, the greateſt part of which it ſnowed, ſhe ſoon found that very few of the congregation, any more than the preacher, retained ſimilar impreſſions of commiſeration with herſelf after the ſermon; and what was moſt remarkable, among a number of ſcanty pittances which with no ſmall addreſs ſhe obtained, that of the Rev. Divine, though

a man of conſiderable eſtate, was the leaſt of all; in fine, where ſhe expected moſt, ſhe obtained the leaſt; only one poor cottager, an aged woman, aſked her to come in and warm herſelf in the courſe of the day. The alms ſhe had received elſewhere ſhe had ſaved in a bag, which ſhe was provided with. This aged woman, who was baking when ſhe came to the door, made the unknown Counteſs ſit down by the fire, while ſhe baked her a cake in the mouth of the oven. The conſequence of this unexpected kindneſs was, that the Lady, aſſuming her real character, the day after invited all her benefactors to a feaſt; but when they entered the hall, though there were two tables, only one of them was furniſhed with the fare of the ſeaſon; but the other was, to the unſpeakable ſurpriſe of the gueſts, garniſhed with the identical alms they had ſo illiberally beſtowed before upon the noble beggar; a label ſpecifying the portion of each; and finally, an explanation, and a moſt ſevere lecture by the lady, increaſed their confuſion beyond all conception; whilſt the different treatment of the poor cottager, &c. and an annual ſtipend ſettled upon her by the Lady, ſtamped her ever after with the love and reſpect of the whole country.

AN

# AN ESSAY

ON THE

# FALSEHOOD OF MEN.

THE generality of mankind are very apt to be ſevere on the ladies, on account of their ambition for coronets, their paſſion after wealth, and their inclination for parade. Time out of mind has it been a ſtanding joke, that a red rag was a bait both for women and mackarel, and that where a celebrated toaſt might poſſibly be proof againſt the attacks of opulence and title, ſhe has ſurrendered in an inſtant, at diſcretion, to a ſcarlet coat.

There may be ſome truth, perhaps, in theſe accuſations; but if the ladies were to recriminate ever ſo little, we ſhould find that the mighty lords of the creation, nine out of ten, are infinitely more ſordid in their diſpoſitions, and ridiculous in their purſuits, notwithſtanding all the boaſted ſuperiority of their underſtandings, than thoſe women whom they affect to treat with ſo much indifference and contempt.

When a young fellow, now-a-days, begins to look out for a wife, the firſt enquiry which is made relates

not

not to the beauty of her perſon, or the accompliſh-ments of her mind, but to her future expectations, and the preſent weight of her purſe: whether ſhe is a fury or a fool is a matter of no conſequence; the greatneſs of her fortune ſtifles every other conſidera-tion, and, as if there were no poſſibility for the virtues to dwell any where but with opulence, he takes her without knowing whether ſhe is poſſeſſed of any one, and gains the approbation of the whole world for ſo prudent a ſolicitude about the main chance.

As we know that the foregoing method is the general criterion of conduct among the men, why ſhould they be offended with the fair ſex for making it the ſtandard of theirs?—Is it more ſurpriſing that a woman ſhould marry a lumpkin for his money, than that a man ſhould give his hand to a fool for her fortune?

Charles Courtly for a long time paid his addreſſes to Miſs Harriet Hartley, and was fortunate enough to engage her eſteem; a day was appointed for the wedding, friends were invited, clothes were made, and no preparations were omitted for the proper celebration of the ſolemnity. Two days before the appointed one, a widow, with a large jointure at her own diſpoſal, made ſome advances to him. He was caught. The deſire of having an unneceſſary diſh at dinner, or a uſeleſs ſet of horſes in his ſtable,

prevailed

prevailed over his honour and his love, and he ſold that hand to a ſuperannuated ſimpleton, which he had before, in the moſt ſolemn manner, promiſed to exchange with the every way engaging Harriet.—"O ſhame! where is thy bluſh?"

## THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

### A TALE.

LAURA was one of the ſix daughters of Mr. Hartley, who reſided in a ſmall village in the county of Hereford, on an eſtate which he inherited from his anceſtors. Laura was the eldeſt child; and from her birth had been the favourite of a maiden aunt, who left the whole of her property to her infant niece. The amount of the old lady's perſonal eſtate was very conſiderable; and that of her real formed an income of five hundred pounds a year. The reſidence of this relative was at a ſmall diſtance from the village; and, being ſurrounded by a few ſcattered cottages, was denominated the Hamlet. Hence the heir to her fortunes acquired the appellation of—"The Maid of the Hamlet."

When

When Laura had obtained her eighteenth year, ſhe found herſelf ſurrounded by a numerous levee of admirers; ſome of whom paid their court with a view of ſharing the eſtabliſhment which her departed relative had provided her; others were actuated by leſs intereſted motives; but none had effected the ſmalleſt impreſſion on her heart.

Among the circle of her acquaintance, was admitted the only ſon of the curate of the village; a youth of modeſt mien and unaſſuming manners. Vincent Plomer had a heart ſuſceptible of the moſt tender ſenſations: can it then be wondered at, that the united efforts of worth and beauty, which were eminently conſpicuous in the mind and perſon of the fair Laura, ſhould kindle in his breaſt the ardent flame of love? Such, indeed, were their effects on the humble Vincent; yet dare he not reveal the ſecret of his fondneſs. With much concern, his aged father ſaw the alteration which was daily making in his conſtitution: frequently would he urge him to diſcloſe the cauſe of the grief which preyed on his mind, and drained from his cheek the bloom of health. Still he denied that he was unhappy; and ſtrove, by a forced cheerfulneſs, to convince his friends of their miſtake.

Vincent during his reſidence at the Univerſity, among his numerous ſtudies, had made a conſider-

able

able progreſs in the ſcience of muſick, of which he was always paſſionately fond. He played on ſeveral inſtruments; but his favourite was the German-flute, his execution on which was exquiſitely fine.

Laura, was alſo much attached to muſick, would frequently importune Vincent to play ſome of the moſt favourite airs then in vogue; and the pleaſure he received in obeying the wiſhes of the woman he loved was too great to be reſiſted.

Calling accidentally in one of her evening walks at the parſonage, ſhe diſcovered Vincent in his ſtudy, ſitting at a table with a pencil in his hand, in the attitude of drawing. So attentive was he on the ſubject before him, that he heard not the entrance of Laura; who, croſſing the room in ſoft and wary ſtep, peeped over his ſhoulder, and beheld an admirable likeneſs of herſelf nearly in a finiſhed ſtate.

The thought, which ſhe had long cheriſhed, that he entertained a fond regard for the original, at this moment recurred to her mind with increaſed force; and ſhe concluded that the concealment of his paſſion was the cauſe of his declining health and dejected ſpirits. Retreating a few paces from his chair, ſhe ſaluted the attentive artiſt, who inſtantly roſe; and, by his embarraſſed addreſs, confirmed the ſuſpicion ſhe had imbibed.

To the eyes of Laura, the features of Vincent were more than uſually pale and languid. She intimated her thoughts of the viſible decline there appeared in his conſtitution; obſerved, that the alteration could only be attributed to ſome hidden cauſe, which preyed on his mind; and lamented the error he committed in denying his friends the privilege of of partaking in his ſorrows and adminiſtering to his griefs.

Vincent thanked her for the concern ſhe expreſſed for his happineſs; and aſſured her that he ſhould ever retain a due ſenſe of the friendſhip and eſteem with which ſhe honoured him.

"Come, come, Vincent," ſaid Laura, with a ſmile of bewitching ſweetneſs, "make me your "confidant. I will not betray the truſt, on my "honour. Say, has not ſome girl got the poſſeſſion "of your heart? and is not love the ſource of your "uneaſineſs?"

Vincent ſighed heavily; and, taking up his flute, played, in the moſt pathetic manner—

"How ſweet the love that meet's return!"

His fair auditor liſtened with the moſt profound attention to the melancholy cadence of this favourite air; and Vincent, caſting a glance on the attentive beauty, ſaw the tears of ſenſibility gliſtening in her lovely

lovely eyes. It was a favourable omen. A beam of joy darted through his frame; the dawn of hope roſe in his lorn boſom; and though it did not remove, it in ſome meaſure diſſipated the gloom of deſpair.

'What favoured object, Madam,' ſaid Vincent, perceiving Laura deeply abſorbed in thought, 'has 'the happineſs to engage your attention?' The lucid drop ſtill trembled in her eye, and an involuntary ſigh eſcaped her boſom, 'Has my too officious 'care,' reſumed the anxious youth, 'to oblige the 'lovely Laura, waked in her mind the remembrance 'of ſome painful incident? Does ſhe in ſilence 'mourn the pangs of unrequited love? It cannot 'be! Such worth, ſuch beauty, the coldeſt heart—'

The unexpected entrance of his father checked the rapturous Vincent, and barred the progreſs of a converſation which promiſed to be very intereſting.

Mr. Plomer, after paying his reſpects to Laura, addreſſed himſelf to Vincent; who had taken the opportunity which his father's converſation with Miſs Hartley afforded, to recover himſelf from the embarraſſment he felt at this ſudden and unexpected interruption. "I have juſt received a letter," ſaid Mr. Plomer, "from my college friend; who in-"forms me, that he has obtained a curacy for you "ſome ſhort diſtance from Cambridge. I therefore

"would

" would have you, my ſon, return to the Univerſity;
" and, at the enſuing ordination, receive the neceſ-
" ſary qualifications for accepting the office he has
" generouſly employed his intereſt to procure."

'Your wiſhes, Sir,' returned Vincent, 'to me 'are abſolute commands. Little preparations,' added he, 'will be neceſſary for my journey: I will 'therefore take my departure in the morning.'

"In the morning, Sir?" with eagerneſs, aſked Laura.

'No, Vincent!' ſaid Mr. Plomer; 'important 'as the buſineſs is, it requires not the diſpatch you 'propoſe. A few days will be neceſſary for you to 'take leave of your friends, whoſe partiality and 'eſteem aſk a more liberal return than the time you 'have fixed will enable you to pay.'

Vincent bowed aſſent: and, after a ſhort converſation, but ill-ſupported on the part of the young people, Laura roſe to take her leave. Vincent ſolicited permiſſion to attend her home; and the pleaſure which Laura experienced in his company, would not permit her to decline his politeneſs.

The ſuperior merits of Vincent—abſtracted from his perſonal accompliſhments, which, though not ſtrictly meriting the proud diſtinction of beauty, were particularly ſtriking and engaging—had long attracted the attention of Miſs Hartley; and if, on a ſtrict

a ſtrict examination of her heart, ſhe could acquit it of the charge of love, ſhe certainly cheriſhed a regard for him, not very much differing in nature from that tender paſſion. It is true, that ſhe had, with becoming prudence, reſiſted the advances of the ſmiling deity, and in a great meaſure ſuppreſſed the wiſhes of her heart, aware that many obſtacles would occur to prevent her union with the ſon of a poor and humble curate.

Mr. Hartley, it muſt be obſerved, though poſſeſſed of many excellent qualities, was a man of no little pride; and thought too much of his family deſcent, which boaſted ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the annals of hiſtory, either as ſtateſmen, warriors, or eminent divines, to be eaſily prevailed on to beſtow his daughter on one whoſe only boaſt was intrinſic merit. A poor and bootleſs recommendation in the preſent age of refined ſentiment!

But to return to our lovers—for ſuch, from this moment, the reader may conſider them—ſlowly pacing a grove of firs, through which their road to the Hamlet lay; where we ſhall find them loſt in deep reflection, and profound ſilence, ſave when the half-ſmothered ſigh from either breaſt forced its painful paſſage. At length, the trembling youth, ſummoning all his courage, ventured to addreſs the thoughtful maid:—

" A few

" A few ſhort hours," ſaid he, in a melancholy tone of voice, " and I ſhall no more enjoy the con-
" verſe of each ſocial friend; nor—what is bliſs ſtill
" greater far than theſe—with Laura ſtray through
" fields, where ſummer ſpreads her lovely bloſſoms
" to the wondering eye, and bluſhing Flora exalts
" her balmy ſweets. Yet ſhall remembrance often
" dwell, enraptured, on each bliſs which, in theſe
" ſecluded ſhades, my boſom knew; and fancy,
" from the wreck of time, revive each pleaſing ſcene.
" But, chiefly, ſhall memory trace my Laura's
" lovely form, and bring to fond imagination's eye
" thoſe matchleſs charms, and that unrivalled worth,
" it boaſts."

' And am I, Vincent, ſo dear to you? will you, ' in abſence, hold me in your thoughts?' enquired the bluſhing maid.

" Come along, Jack!" ſaid a rough voice, behind them. " This is ſhe we are looking for."

The aſtoniſhed lovers turned, to learn from whence the threatening ſound proceeded; and beheld two men, with crapes over their faces, advancing towards them.

As ſoon as the ruffians had reached the aſtoniſhed pair, one of them ſeized Vincent by the arm; and, pointing a piſtol to his breaſt, menaced him with inſtant death, if he dared to ſtir or ſpeak. His companion,

companion, in the mean time, laid hold of Laura; who, ſinking from his graſp, fell lifeleſs to the ground. The ſight of the maid, whom he tenderly loved, in this perilous ſituation, rouſed the indignant ſpirit of the aſtoniſhed Vincent; and, ſnatching the piſtol which the villain pointed at his breaſt, he lodged its contents in his body, and brought him to the ground. His companion, ſeeing him fall, hurried from this ſcene of death; firſt diſcharging his piſtol at Vincent, who unfortunately received the ball in his left ſhoulder.

Vincent's whole attention was now directed to the fainting Laura; who ſoon revived from this tranſitory ſtate of death; and the firſt object that met her returning ſenſes was her gallant lover.

"Haſten with me, my dear Laura," ſaid he, "from this ſcene of horror! let us ſeek your father's "manſion, where only we ſhall be ſafe; for ſtill I "fear danger ſurrounds us. This weapon," continued he, ſnatching a ſword from the fallen villain's ſide, who lay weltering in his blood, and heaving deadly groans, "will be our ſure defence, ſhould the "monſter who has eſcaped return to execute his "horrid purpoſe." Without waiting her reply, he raiſed the trembling beauty from the ground, and hurried her out of the grove. Fear lent them ſtrength, and added ſwiftneſs to their ſteps. Juſt as they

they had reached the lawn that fronted the houſe of Mr. Hartley, the wounded lover found his ſtrength exhauſted; and, leaning on his ſword, ſaid—" I can " go no farther, Laura! Here muſt I lay me down, " till my waſted ſtrength returns. A few ſhort " paces, and you will reach a place where danger " has no dwelling. Fly, then!" added he, throwing himſelf on the ground; " and, ere too late, ſend me " ſome friendly help."

The perturbed ſtate of Laura's mind, from the rude treatment of the ruffians, had prevented her from diſcovering the ſituation of her deliverer; and, till this moment, ſhe was a ſtranger to his being wounded. Swift as the winged arrow ſpeeds its rapid flight, the lovely mourner bounded over the lawn; and meeting her father at the entrance of the houſe, who, beholding from a window her unuſual haſte, came to enquire the cauſe, ruſhed into his arms; and with wildneſs in her looks, and a trembling voice, informed him of Vincent's ſituation, and urged him to haſten to his aſſiſtance.

Mr. Hartley called his ſervants, and proceeded to the bottom of the lawn; where they found the brave youth ſo faint, through loſs of blood, as to be totally incapable of ſpeaking. With the aſſiſtance of his attendants, Mr. Hartley conveyed him to his houſe; and, having laid him on a bed, diſpatched a meſſenger

a meſſenger for the ſurgeon of the village. Every poſſible care was taken of the unfortunate youth. The ball was extracted without much difficulty; and his ſurrounding friends had the happineſs to hear the ſurgeon pronounce his wound remote from danger.

And now Mr. Hartley, having received the particulars of the accident which occaſioned the wound of his young friend, ſent a ſervant to the parſonage, deſiring the preſence of Mr. Plomer; while he himſelf, attended by the ſurgeon and a ſervant, directed his ſteps to the fatal ſpot, to learn from the fallen ruffian, if yet alive, the cauſe of the outrage committed againſt his daughter, and by whom he was engaged; for he ſuſpected that he had been hired to effect the diabolical purpoſe of ſome unknown villain.

They found the poor wretch in a ſtate of inſenſibility; and, having conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, adminiſtered ſome cordials to his relief. After a length of time, he ſeemed to revive; but all he could articulate was, " Sir William!" and ſhortly after expired.

Theſe words, however, afforded ſufficient information for Mr. Hartley to conclude, that they had been hired by Sir William Ayliffe, to ſecure the perſon of his daughter, that by one efficient ſtroke of villainy he might revenge the diſappointment he had

received from Laura's rejection of his hand: and this concluſion ſeemed to be juſtified by Sir William's ſudden flight from this part of the country; which could only be attributed to the failure of his projected ſcheme, and the fear of exemplary puniſhment.

For ſeveral weeks Vincent was cloſely confined to his bed; and his friends experienced much anxiety at his ſituation. A variety of paſſions agitated his mind, and retarded the progreſs of his recovery. The fair Laura, too, ſuffered much from the ſtate of uncertainty in which ſhe was involved. The roſes in her cheek each day diſcloſed a fainter bluſh; her ſpirits forſook her; and her anxious parents frequently diſcovered her in tears. Mr. Hartley readily divined the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, and charged her with the partiality ſhe bore the humble Vincent. She ſought not to elude the queſtion, but frankly owned her love.

"I confeſs," ſaid Mr. Hartley, "I did expect "you would have ſelected a man of equal birth and "fortune with yourſelf, to aſſociate with in the mar- "riage ſtate. One of greater merit, I am perſuaded, "you could not have choſen than our young friend; "and I can but think he well deſerves your love. "I have obſerved," continued he, "that an hope- "leſs paſſion on his part is the chiefeſt, and, per- "haps, only obſtacle to his recovery; and that a "ſimilar attachment on that of your's is the ſource

"of

" of your preſent uneaſineſs and declining health. It " would, indeed, be the very height of ingratitude " in us, Laura, not to eſteem that valour, but for " which you might, at this moment, have been de- " prived of life, and I in fruitleſs grief mourned " your loſs. Go then, my child," added he, " the " gladſome meſſenger of joy; remove from his " mind the clouds of uncertainty; and tell him " you are his for ever."

Laura inſtantly threw herſelf on her knees; and, ſnatching her father's hand, carried it to her lips— ' And will you, will you, my dear father, make the ' generous Vincent happy? will you eaſe the fears that ' rack his tortured mind? Oh! matchleſs condeſcen- ' ſion! how ſhall I repay ſuch unbounded goodneſs?'

" Riſe, my dear Laura," ſaid Mr. Hartley, wiping from his eye the ſtarting tear of paternal love: " your happineſs is mine; and whatever gives joy " to you is to me an equal bleſſing."

The grateful Laura impatiently ſought the chamber of her deſponding lover; and removed from his mind each fearful doubt, each lingering trace of wretchedneſs.

" Now each new day increaſing ſtrength beſtows,
" And his brac'd limbs the limping ſtaff reſign;
" His humid lip with roſeate luſtre glows,
" His lucid eyes with wonted brightneſs ſhine."

The grateful paſtor received the intelligence of Mr. Hartley's conſent to the union of his ſon with the wealthy Laura, with tears of joy. To ſee his only child advanced to wealth and honour, raiſed from the painful ſtate of low dependence to eaſe and affluence, blotted from his memory his former ſufferings; relieved him from the tender fears he entertained for his fate; and warmed his ſoul with gratitude to the beneficent Ruler of the world. "Thus," ſaid he, "when the angry tempeſt over the peo-"pled globe its rage has ſpent, the balmy gales "of health ſucceed, and nature gathers new beauties "from the ſtorm."

A few weeks from the dawn of this promiſed ſcene of bliſs, the venerable curate joined the conſenting hands of this virtuous pair. The happineſs of their friends was conſiderably augmented by the felicity in which they lived; and the ſurrounding peaſantry, who ſhared the benevolence of Vincent and Laura, with ceaſeleſs gratitude ſung the praiſes of—*The Maid of the Hamlet.*

# ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR,

## JOSEPH THE SECOND.

THE Emperor having gone to the vault of the palais royal, which is renowned for ice, the report ſpread; and among other people who came to wait in the paſſage, was a hackney-coachman, who had left his coach in order to ſee the Emperor: a gentleman comes out, and deſires the coachman to carry him in his coach: "I cannot carry you, "Sir, I am come to ſee the Emperor, and though "you ſhould give me a crown, I would not go along "with you." 'Come, come, I will give you ſix 'franks.' "No, it is impoſſible—I muſt ſee the "Emperor." 'With all my heart, but the Emperor 'is no longer in the vault, but juſt gone out—' "Are you ſure of that?" 'Yes—Drive on to the 'Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon." The coach arrives, and the Count of Falkenſtein comes out, and pays the coachman his fare, wrapped up in a bit of paper. Our modern Phaeton unrols it, for fear of being deceived; but what was his ſurpriſe at finding, inſtead of ſix franks, a double louis! Quite confounded, he calls to the porter—"the gentleman is "miſtaken—he has given me two louis inſtead of

"ſix

" ſix franks, which he promiſed me. Who then " may he be?" ' It is the Emperor,' replied the other. " Falkenſtein," exclaimed the coachman with energy, " how unhappy am I!—had I known " it was you, I ſhould have turned round on my " coach-box to look at you:" with this he runs to the tavern to drink the Emperor's health. It is added, that he put a cockade in his hat, and in the ears of his rozinantes, publiſhed to all the world, " I have carried the Emperor."

## FOLLY
OF
## PLEADING INABILITY
TO
## DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

I Had the misfortune, ſome time ago, to be in company, where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal ſpeaker at a diſputing ſociety of the firſt claſs, was expected. Till this perſon came in, the converſation was carried on with the cheerful eaſy negligence of ſenſible good-humour: but we ſoon diſcovered, that his diſcourſe was a perpetual effort

effort to betray the company into attempts to prove ſelf-evident propoſitions; a practice in which he ſeems to have followed the example of that deep philoſopher, who denied motion, "becauſe," as he ſaid, "a body muſt move either where it is, or "where it is not; and both ſuppoſitions are equally "abſurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unſucceſsful, till at laſt he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irreſiſtible propenſities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This propoſition was anſwered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an abſurdity which it is impoſſible to believe; and to expoſe him to the ridicule of the company, he was deſired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit puniſhment of his deſign to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reaſon, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the ſophiſtry that he remembered, and much more than he underſtood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proſelyte, nor was yet become of ſufficient conſequence to provoke an antagoniſt.

I ſat ſilent, and as I was indulging my ſpeculations on the ſcene which chance had exhibited before me,

I recollected

I recollected ſeveral incidents, which convinced me that moſt of the perſons who were preſent had lately profeſſed the opinion which they now oppoſed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as abſurd, and appeared to deteſt as impious.

The company conſiſted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commiſſioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whoſe converſation there is a higher ſtrain of pleaſantry and humour than in any other perſon of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend, at whoſe houſe we were aſſembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by ſome unexpected buſineſs in another room. Thoſe incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the perſons whom I have thus ventured to name be juſtly offended, becauſe that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be conſidered as the object of cenſure. With Mr. Traffic, I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithſtanding the diſparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extenſive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himſelf by ſudden and inevitable loſſes become poor: his credit, however, was ſtill good; and by the riſk of a certain ſum, it was poſſible to retrieve his

his fortune. With this gentleman we had ſpent many a ſocial hour; we had habitually drunk his health when he was abſent, and always expreſſed our ſentiments of his merit in the higheſt terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the ſecret of his diſtreſs; a ſecret, which is always concealed by a generous mind, till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumſtances too well to expect the ſum that he wanted from my purſe; but he requeſted that I would, to ſave him from the pain and confuſion of ſuch a converſation, communicate his requeſt, and a true ſtate of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: "for," ſays he, "though I could raiſe double the ſum upon "my own perſonal ſecurity, yet I would no more "borrow of a man without acquainting him at "what riſk he lends, than I would ſolicit the inſu-"rance of a ſhip at a common premium, when I "knew, by private intelligence, that ſhe could ſwim "no longer than every pump was at work."

I undertook this buſineſs with the utmoſt confidence of ſucceſs. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; "he warmly commended his integrity, "and lamented the precarious ſituation of a trader, "whom œconomy and diligence cannot ſecure from "calamities which are brought upon others only by

"profuſion

" profuſion and riot; but as to the money," he ſaid, " that I could not expect him to venture it without " ſecurity: that my friend himſelf could not wonder " that his requeſt was refuſed, a requeſt with which, " indeed," ſaid he, " I cannot poſſibly comply." Whatever may be thought of the free agency of my friend and myſelf, which Mr. Traffic had made no ſcruple to deny in a very intereſting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in ſpeculation nor fact; for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to ſpare one thouſand pounds, from two hundred times the ſum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whoſe behalf he had been ſo often liberal of praiſe, with whom his ſocial enjoyments had been ſo long connected, and for whoſe misfortunes he was ſenſibly touched.

Soon after this diſappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more to ſolicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendſhip; he was much affected with the diſtreſſes of my friend; he generouſly gave me a bank-note, which he requeſted me to apply to his immediate relief in ſuch a manner as would leaſt wound his delicacy; and promiſed, that the firſt vacancy he ſhould be provided for: but when the vacancy happened,

pened, of which I had the earlieſt intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and diſtreſs, that he could not poſſibly fulfil his promiſe, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domeſtics, whoſe ſolicitation for that reaſon it was not in his power to refuſe. This gentleman, therefore, had alſo profeſſed himſelf a machine; and indeed, he appears to have been no leſs the inſtrument of ambition than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, beſides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and ſtrong compaſſion: but in direct oppoſition to all theſe great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindneſs, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expoſtulated with him about this ſtrange perverſion of his abilities, in theſe terms: "Dear Charles, it amazes me that you ſhould rather "act the character of a merry fellow, than a wiſe "man; that you ſhould mortify a friend whom you "not only love but eſteem; wantonly mangle a "character which you reverence; betray a ſecret, "violate truth, and ſport with the doctrine and the "practice of a religion which you believe, merely "for the pleaſure of being laughed at." I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he ſhrugged

up

up his ſhoulders, and greatly extended the longitudinal dimenſions of his countenance. 'All this,' ſaid he, 'is very true, but if I were to be hanged I 'could not help it.' Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay profeſſes himſelf a ſlave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently ſubmits himſelf to the moſt ridiculous drudgery, without one ſtruggle for freedom.

Of the Lady, I am unwilling to ſpeak with equal plainneſs; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irreſiſtible impulſe, when ſhe reflects, that I have heard her lament that ſhe is herſelf urged by an irreſiſtible impulſe to play. I remembered, that I had, at the requeſt of my friend, taken an opportunity, when we were alone, indirectly to repreſent the pernicious conſequences of indulging ſo prepoſterous an inclination. She perceived my deſign; and immediately accuſed herſelf, with an honeſt ſenſibility that burſt into tears; but at the ſame time told me, "that ſhe was no more able to re-"frain from cards than to fly:" and a few nights afterwards, I obſerved her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who ſeldom ſees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happineſs of engaging a brilliant aſſembly at cards.

After I had recollected theſe incidents, I looked with leſs contempt upon our neceſſitarian; and to confeſs

conſeſs a truth, with leſs eſteem upon his preſent opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a conſciouſneſs, that he was himſelf the ſlave of ſome, or all of theſe vices and follies; and that he was prompted by ſomething like benevolence, to communicate to others a diſcovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himſelf rather as an object of pity than contempt.

And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his higheſt intereſt; nor ſhould he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once profeſſed himſelf to be the mere inſtrument of neceſſity.

While I was making theſe reflections, the huſband of Myrtilla came in; and to atone for any diſhonour which cuſtom or prejudice may ſuppoſe to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I ſhall refer to him as an inconteſtible proof, that though there are ſome who have ſold themſelves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others, who preſerve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of neceſſity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that periſh. I acknowledge,

indeed,

indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reaſon illuminated by revelation, and conſcience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under ſubjection to a maſter; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, "whoſe ſervice is "perfect freedom."

## ANECDOTE OF Mr. POPE.

DURING Mr. Pope's laſt illneſs, a ſquabble happened in his chamber between his two phyſicians, (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomſon, both ſince dead) Dr. B. charging Dr. T. with haſtening his death by the violent purges he had preſcribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length ſilenced them, ſaying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, "by your diſcourſe, that I am in a very dangerous "way; therefore, all I have now to aſk is, that the "following epigram may be added, after my death, "to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of "poſtſcript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all cenſures paſt,
"The greateſt dunce has kill'd your foe at laſt."

Others

Others ſay, that theſe lines were written by Dr. B. himſelf; and the following epigram by a friend of Dr. T's was occaſioned by the foregoing one:

As phyſic and verſe both to Phœbus belong,
So the college oft dabble in potion and ſong;
Hence Burton, reſolv'd his emetics ſhall hit
When his recipes fail, gives a puke with his wit.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## LORENZO DE MEDICI.

THIS great man, from his earlieſt years, exhibited that quickneſs of mind, which ſo much diſtinguiſhed his maturer years. His father Coſmo, having one day preſented him, when he was quite a child, to an Ambaſſador, to whom he was talking of him with the fooliſh fondneſs of a parent, deſired the Ambaſſador to put ſome queſtions to his ſon, and to ſee, by his anſwers, if he was not a boy of parts. The Ambaſſador did as he was deſired, and was ſoon convinced of the truth of what Coſmo had told him; but added, "This child, as he grows up, "will probably become ſtupid; for it has generally "been

" been obſerved, that thoſe who, when young, are " very ſprightly and clever, hardly ever increaſe in " talents as they grow older." Young Lorenzo, hearing this, crept gently to the Ambaſſador, and looking him archly in the face, ſaid to him, 'I am 'certain, that when you were young, you were a boy 'of very great genius.'

## THE LIFE OF MAN.

.....BEHOLD, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: paſs ſome few years;
Thy flow'ring ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale-concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs; thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs; thoſe longings after fame;
Thoſe reſtleſs cares; thoſe buſy buſtling days;
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights; thoſe varying thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are fled! Religion ſole remains
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

IN

IN WHAT

# TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

TRUE happineſs conſiſts in three things: 1ſt. In ſuch an innocence, that the mind has nothing criminal to reproach it with. 2dly. In learning to be content with that ſtation wherein Heaven has placed us. 3dly. In the enjoyment of perfect health. If any of theſe be wanting, we cannot be truly happy: virtue is at that time of ſervice to comfort us; but it cannot exempt us from the evils which we ſuffer. There is a great difference between comforting a man, and curing him: we aſſiſt the former to bear up under his misfortunes, but we change the pain and ſorrow of the latter into pleaſure and joy.

It is certain that a man who abandons himſelf to wickedneſs, be his eſtate, dignity, or poſt, ever ſo great or eminent, cannot be happy. The wicked are their own judges; the horror of their crimes follows them wherever they go; and, though their guilt be ſo far unknown to the public that they paſs for men of virtue, yet they are not eaſy in their minds. 'The worſt puniſhment,' ſays Juvenal, 'which a wicked man ſuffers, is, that he cannot

'declare himſelf innocent, though he is acquitted 'and diſcharged out of court; and though the 'prætor takes a bribe, and obtains him a pardon, 'yet he cannot abſolve himſelf.' It is a miſtake to think that bad men can entirely ſtifle the remorſe of conſcience: ſometimes they fancy they are above the reproaches of it; but ſoon after they condemn themſelves, they are ſtruck with a ſecret horror, perſecute themſelves, and are their own executioners. The torments which they endure are not to be expreſſed; and is it not a queſtion whether there is any one more cruel in hell, than a conſcience bearing ſecret witneſs in the ſoul againſt a man's guilt day and night? No pleaſures, banquets, plays, or any other repreſentations, nor even the charms of love, can reſtore a calm to a breaſt which is troubled with a remorſe for wickedneſs. Conſcience is not ſilent in the moſt pompous entertainments; but, like an implacable fury which nothing can pacify, it poiſons the moſt dainty diſhes, and turns the moſt lively mirth into uneaſineſs.

They who appear to us to be the moſt daring offenders, are the moſt timorous after the commiſſion of their crimes. They are equally afraid of the indignation of men and the wrath of Heaven, and turn pale at the leaſt flaſh of lightning. If it thunders, they are half dead; for they do not conſider

ſider it as proceeding from a natural cauſe, but imagine that Heaven, provoked at their wickedneſs, is ready to dart its thunder-bolts at their guilty heads. Nor are they much more tranquil when the ſtorm is over; for they imagine it only a reprieve from their deſerved puniſhment. The ſlighteſt malady that ſeizes them they take to be mortal, and what will deprive them of this life, to give them a new one full of torments. If the wicked did but foreſee what troubles their crimes would involve them in, they would abſtain from committing them; but they do not begin to ſee and feel the enormity of them till after they have committed them; yet they go on to perpetrate new ones, becauſe of their natural bias to wickedneſs; ſo that they cannot help doing the evil which in their judgment they condemn. They hope to be leſs troubled in conſcience by freſh tranſgreſſions than by the former, and flatter themſelves that they ſhall make wickedneſs familiar to them by repeated acts of it. What wretches are theſe, who think to obtain a cure by what increaſes their diſeaſe, and are inceſſantly procuring themſelves new torments!

The common people, who only judge by external appearances, very often think men happy, who are actually devoured with chagrin: they cannot conceive how a ſovereign, to whom all is obedience,

can be unhappy; that a great nobleman, who keeps a plentiful houſe, who has miſtreſſes, domeſtics, equipages, palaces, and manors, can be tormented with a thouſand uneaſineſſes: but wiſe men know that this ſovereign, who does not govern by the rules of juſtice, finds that he is hated by his people, deſpiſed by foreign nations, and doomed to be tranſmitted to poſterity as a wicked prince. There is no man, be he ever ſo bad, but is ſorry to be hated and deſpiſed. The wicked have a love for themſelves as well as the good; and, while they have ſo, hatred and contempt wound them. If we read the hiſtory of the moſt cruel and ſavage tyrants, we ſhall find them more than once lamenting that they were the abhorrence of mankind; and their vexation at the thoughts of it made them ſtill more fierce and barbarous; whereas they had not been ſo bloody and inflexible, if they knew they had not been ſo much deteſted. They committed the more crimes, to be revenged for the abhorrence formed of them; and ſuch their vengeance added to the meaſure of their own uneaſineſs and of their public hatred.

Therefore no man can be truly happy, let his condition be what it will, if he be not virtuous. The prince and the peaſant are on the ſame footing in this reſpect; and the one is as much puniſhed by remorſe on his throne, as the other at his plough.

Whoever

Whoever ſeeks to live a happy life, ought to be more afraid of guilt than of death; for the latter only puts an end to our days, whereas the former only renders them unhappy. The virtuous man, when he dies, goes to the enjoyment of much greater happineſs than what he loſes; whereas the criminal, while he lives, is overwhelmed with misfortunes here, and tormented with the fear of thoſe that threaten him in the life to come; and, though he ſhould not believe the immortality of the ſoul, yet he would not be the leſs unhappy, becauſe he would have no hopes of finding a change in his misfortunes into happineſs after his death.

The ſecond thing which is abſolutely neceſſary towards leading a happy life is, to know how to make ourſelves eaſy in the ſtation wherein Heaven has placed us. If a man has a competency, if he has every thing that is needful to keep him from want, why ſhould he envy others the poſſeſſion of great riches, which perhaps would only conduce to make him unhappy? 'It is not wealth,' as Horace wiſely ſays, 'that makes a man happy. None can be 'eſteemed happy, but they who are ſo wiſe as to 'be ſatisfied with whatever the Gods ſend them.' When men give themſelves up to their ambition, and do not put a check to their deſires, they become ſlaves to their paſſions; and whenever thoſe bear arbi-

trary

trary ſway over a man, he is ſure to be always unhappy. The wiſeſt and moſt important thing in life is, to be able to know how to be content with the portion allotted us by Heaven. He who is for increaſing his revenue by illegal methods, is tormented by remorſe; and he who ſtrives to increaſe them by honeſt methods, but ſuch as are painful, is oppreſſed with care and anxiety; two faults, which muſt equally be avoided, if we would live happy. Why ſhould we be perpetually thinking of what we may want ſome years hence? We ſhould leave every thing to contingencies, and make the beſt of it that we can. Beſides, do we know certainly that it would be for our advantage, if Heaven were to gratify our wiſhes? Perhaps, from the very moment that we ſaw them fulfilled, we ſhould date the beginning of misfortunes which would ſink us, and never leave us till death; at leaſt certain it is, that they would increaſe the thirſt after riches in us, and would only render our avarice the ſtronger. When once the heart is ſet upon the amaſſing of wealth, the treaſures of all the princes upon earth cannot ſatisfy it: the more a man has, the more he covets. Avarice is a paſſion which never can be ſatisfied: the more we ſeek to gratify it, the ſtronger it grows, and the more it manifeſts its power. A man needs not to be a philoſopher, to be ſenſible that an honeſt mediocrity

mediocrity is infinitely more deſirable than immenſe riches; it is ſufficient if we hearken to plain reaſon, and if we will but make uſe of it.

Great honours and dignities are altogether as unlikely as riches to procure a happy life. A peaſant may be happy, though he is not a judge, or juſtice of the peace, in his village; a citizen ought not to envy the office of the ſheriff, nor a member of parliament that of the chancellor. In all ſtates we may be eaſy, if we acquit ourſelves in all relations to them with honour and prudence. Employments are ſo far from rendering a man the more happy, that commonly they do but diminiſh his felicity, by ſubjecting him to a greater number of duties, that are indiſpenſable, and which he cannot neglect without failing in his obligations to himſelf and the public, and conſequently without forfeiting his happineſs; becauſe, by the principle we have eſtabliſhed, it is proved, that whoever is diſhoneſt cannot be happy.

It may be ſaid of offices, birth, kindred, and riches, that all theſe things are according as they are conſidered by thoſe who enjoy them. They may be reckoned as bleſſings to thoſe that know how to make uſe of them; but they become great misfortunes to thoſe who do not make the uſe of them which they ought to do: and, as it requires great

wiſdom

wiſdom for a man to know how to conduct himſelf in proſperity, the wealth and grandeur which raiſe us above other men are commonly more prejudicial than uſeful: from being real advantages they become misfortunes, and are obſtructions to the happineſs of life.

Perhaps it will be aſked, that, if it be eaſier for mere private men to be happy than great ones, why the latter, who deſire to be happy and tranquil, do not deſcend to be private men? The reaſon is very plain; it is becauſe they are ſo attached to their office or ſtation, by what they owe to their family, their country, their prince, and themſelves, that they cannot quit it without a breach of their duty. Should they take a ſtep which they knew was not fitting for them, they would not be happy in ſuch new ſtate, becauſe the thing which is moſt eſſential to the happineſs of life is, to have nothing wherewith a man can reproach himſelf. It is natural, therefore, for men of wiſdom and penetration to continue in the poſts wherein Heaven has placed them, and to which it is allotted them; and that they ſhould endeavour therein to make themſelves happy, without having recourſe to an alteration, which, inſtead of being for the better, would be to their prejudice, and diſtance them for ever from the mark which they would fain arrive at.

# ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

GENEROSITY, properly applied, will ſupply every other external advantage in life, but the love of thoſe with whom we converſe. It will procure eſteem, and a conduct reſembling real affection; but actual love is the ſpontaneous production of the mind; no generoſity can purchaſe, no rewards increaſe, no liberality can ſecure the continuance of it: that very perſon who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affection upon the objects he ſhould love, and voluntarily mix paſſion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well placed liberality, may procure the benefactor's good will, may load the perſon obliged with the ſenſe of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude: and ſimple gratitude, untinctured with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can beſtow for preceding benefits.

But gratitude and love are almoſt oppoſite affections; love is often an involuntary paſſion, placed upon our companions without our conſent, and frequently

frequently conferred without our previous eſteem. We love ſome men we know not why; our tenderneſs is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuſe their faults with the ſame indulgence, and approve their virtues with the ſame applauſe, with which we conſider our own. While we entertain the paſſion, it pleaſes us; we cheriſh it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or deſire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous favours to excite it; we conſider it as a debt, and our ſpirits are a load, till we have diſcharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumſtance of humiliation, and ſome are found to ſubmit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely becauſe they think it in ſome meaſure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the moſt eaſy and agreeable, and gratitude the moſt humiliating, operation of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he, who has bound us to him by benefits alone, riſes to our idea as a perſon to whom we have, in ſome meaſure, forfeited our freedom.

Love and gratitude are ſeldom, therefore, found in the ſame breaſt, without impairing each other:

we

we may tender the one or the other ſingly to thoſe with whom we converſe, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increaſe we diminiſh them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits leſſon every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to affection.

In all our connexions with ſociety, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear inſenſible of the value of thoſe favours we beſtow, and endeavour to make the obligation ſeem as ſlight as poſſible. Love muſt be taken by ſtratagem, and not by open force; we ſhould ſeem not to know that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuſe its affections. Conſtraint may, indeed, leave the receiver ſtill grateful, but it will certainly produce diſguſt.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquiſition; a benefit conferred demands a juſt acknowledgment, and we have a right to inſiſt upon our due.

It were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on ſuch an occaſion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive little advantage from repeated proteſtations of gratitude; but they coſt him very much, from whom we exact them in return. A grateful acknowledgment exacted, is a debt

debt demanded: by which proceeding, the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor makes his payment with reluctance.

While Mencius, the philoſopher, was travelling in the purſuit of wiſdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was ſtraying during a thunder-ſtorm accompanied with rain, which conſpired to make ſolitude ſtill more hideous, he perceived an hermit's cell, and approaching, aſked for ſhelter. "Enter," ſaid the hermit, in a ſevere tone, "men deſerve not to be obliged, but it would "be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as "they deſerve. Come in: examples of vice may "ſometimes ſtrengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which conſiſted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repreſs his curioſity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, as their actions taught the trueſt leſſons of wiſdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a "baſe ungrateful world; here among the beaſts of "the foreſt, I ſhall find no flatterers: the lion is a "generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; "but man, baſe man, can poiſon the bowl, and "ſmile while he preſents it."

'You have been ill-uſed by mankind,' ſaid the philoſopher ſhrewdly, interrupting him. "Yes,"

" Yes," replied the hermit, " on mankind I ex-
" hauſted my whole fortune; this ſtaff, that cup, and
" thoſe roots, are all I have in return."

' Did you beſtow your fortune, or did you lend
' it?' aſked Mencius.

" I beſtowed it, undoubtedly," replied the other,
" for where is the merit of being a money-lender?"

' Did they ever own that they received it?' ſtill
adds the philoſopher.

" A thouſand times," ſaid the hermit: " they
" loaded me every day with profeſſions of gratitude
" for favours received, and ſolicitations for future
" benefactions."

' If, then,' ſaid Mencius ſmiling, ' you did not
' lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is
' unjuſt to accuſe them of ingratitude. They owned
' themſelves obliged, you expected no more, and
' they certainly earned each favour by a frequent
' acknowledgment of it.'

The hermit, ſtruck with the reply, ſurveyed his
gueſt with emotion. " I have heard of the great
" Mencius," ſaid he, " and you are certainly the
" man. I am now fourſcore years old, but ſtill a
" child in wiſdom; take me back to *the ſchool of men*,
" and educate me as one of the youngeſt, and moſt
" ignorant of your diſciples."

' Indeed,

'Indeed, my ſon,' replied Mencius, 'it is better 'to have friends in our paſſage through life, than 'grateful dependents; and as love is a more willing, 'ſo is it a more laſting tribute than extorted obliga-'tion. As we are uneaſy when greatly obliged, 'gratitude once refuſed can never after be recovered. 'The mind that is baſe enough to diſallow the juſt 'return, inſtead of feeling any uneaſineſs upon re-'collection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom, 'and, in ſome meaſure, is pleaſed with conſcious 'baſeneſs.

'Very different is the ſituation of diſagreeing 'friends; their ſeparation produces mutual uneaſi-'neſs. Like that divided being in fabulous creation, 'their ſympathetic ſouls once more deſire their for-'mer union; the joys of both are imperfect; their 'gayeſt moments are tinctured with uneaſineſs; each 'ſeeks the ſmalleſt conceſſions to clear the way to a 'wiſhed explanation: the moſt trifling acknow-'ledgments, the ſlighteſt accidents, ſerve to effect a 'mutual reconciliation.'

# LOVE.

LOVE is a paſſion felt by all people, and talked of by moſt people: by very few people is it underſtood. By nothing more than its deſpotic ſway over all the other paſſions, is its omnipotence diſcovered. According to the different operations of love in our boſoms, we are furious or tame, compaſſionate or reſentful: animated with hope, or plunged into deſpair. By love, the proudeſt of men is converted into an abject ſlave. By love, thoſe who have the meaneſt opinion of their intellects are inſpired with towering ideas, and conſequential ſenſations. Nay, even the moſt miſerable miſer, when love has thawed his icy heart, will daſh about his money with an air of liberality. Love, indeed, makes many a man ridiculous; but, "of all the "various fools which love has made," the old dotard is juſtly to be placed in the higheſt form. When grey-beards turn inamoratos, human nature appears in a very contemptible light. The appearance of ſuch a wretch is ſufficient to make us aſhamed of our exiſtence. Let no man, however, when ſuch an object is before his eyes, be too ſeverely

ſeverely ſarcaſtical; for no man, without great preſumption, can ſay, "I ſhall never expoſe my-"ſelf like him."

## A LETTER
FROM
## ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE,
TO
## SIR SIMONDS D'EUES.

SIR,

I Have received your kind letter, and learned diſcourſe, with much contentment. Indeed, we have ſuffered much wrong in this world, yet I complain not at it, becauſe, when GOD pleaſeth, we ſhall have right. In the mean time I am much beholden to you for your good affection, hoping you will not be weary to continue your friendly offices towards me, in the place where you ſit, which ſhall never be forgotten by

Your moſt aſſured friend,

ELIZABETH.

*To Sir Simonds D'Eues, &c.*
*Aug.* 21*ſt*, 1645.

ANECDOTE

## ANECDOTE
OF
## HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS Prince, though of a very eaſy and accommodating diſpoſition, knew occaſionally when to give a refuſal. His favourite ſiſter, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earneſt with him to give up to her huſband, the ſtrong fortreſſes of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouſe, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambaſſadors from Savoy, who intimated his ſiſter's deſire to him, "I am extremely "fond of my ſiſter, but I would much ſooner give "her my two eyes out of my head, than theſe three "fortreſſes."

## THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling
In a ſad and ſolemn ſound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, preſuming
On your boaſted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping miſers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praiſes,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raiſes,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned ſophs, in ſyſtems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Ceaſe at length by us perſuaded,
Ev'ry leaf muſt have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no loſſes grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudleſs ſkies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable ſires, grown hoary,
  Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidſt your falling glory,
  Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our courſe returning,
  Meſſengers of ſhorteſt ſtay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
  " Heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
  Man! let all thy hope be ſtaid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
  Bears a leaf that ſhall not fade.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN the Doctor firſt became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with ſome other gentlemen, to laugh an hour at Bartholomew fair. At one of the booths was an amazing large bear, which the ſhowman aſſured them was " *cotched* in the *undiſcovered* parts of Ruſſia." The

 bear

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with ſafety; but to all the company, except Johnſon, was very ſurly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed againſt him, and ſhewed every mark of awkward kindneſs. "How is it, (ſaid one of the company) "that this animal is ſo attached to Mr. Johnſon?" 'Becauſe, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have claſſed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* ſpecies.'

The Doctor diſliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this ſarcaſm turned his diſlike into downright hatred. He never ſpoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

## ANECDOTE.

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late paſtoral poet, was fiſhing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to paſs that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, auſterely reproved him for breaking the ſabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehenſible, as his good ſenſe ſhould have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied, "Reverend Sir, your external appearance ſays, that "if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as "mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a "faſt day, and your Saviour ſtood by to rebuke you."

## PEEVISHNESS

### EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

### THE CHARACTER OF *TETRICA.*

MEN ſeldom give pleaſure, where they are not pleaſed themſelves; it is neceſſary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulneſs, that in whatever ſtate we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may ſecure the love of thoſe with whom we tranſact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours may ſpare any attention to his behaviour, and that uſefulneſs will always procure friends; yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requeſts, an art very difficult of attainment; that officiouſneſs and liberality may be ſo adulterated, as

to

to loſe the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may harraſs, and liberality diſtreſs.

No diſeaſe of the mind can more fatally diſable it from benevolence, the chief duty of ſocial beings, than ill-humour or peeviſhneſs; for though it breaks not out in paroxiſms of outrage, nor burſts into clamour, turbulence, or bloodſhed, it wears out happineſs by ſlow corroſion, and ſmall injuries inceſſantly repeated. It may be conſidered as the canker of life, that deſtroys its vigour and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot conſume.

Peeviſhneſs, when it has been ſo far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and diſcover itſelf without premeditation, is a ſpecies of depravity in the higheſt degree diſguſting and offenſive, becauſe no rectitude of intention, nor ſoftneſs of addreſs, can enſure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peeviſh man, and exerting ourſelves in the moſt diligent civility, an unluckly ſyllable diſpleaſes, an unheeded circumſtance ruffles and exaſperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourſelves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are fruſtrated at once, and all our aſſiduity forgotten in the caſual tumult of ſome trifling irritation.

This

This troubleſome impatience is ſometimes nothing more than the ſymptoms of ſome deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confeſs his reſentment, or ſorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the firſt paſſages that are opened, and to let his paſſions boil over upon thoſe whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious courſe of ſickneſs frequently produces ſuch an alarming apprehenſion of the leaſt increaſe of uneaſineſs, as keeps the ſoul perpetually on the watch; ſuch a reſtleſs and inceſſant ſolicitude, as no care or tenderneſs can appeaſe, and can only be pacified by the cure of the diſtemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakneſs, is the captiouſneſs of old age. When the ſtrength is cruſhed, the ſenſes dulled, and the common pleaſures of life become inſipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneaſineſs to cauſes not wholly out of our power; and pleaſe ourſelves with fancying that we ſuffer by neglect, unkindneſs, or an evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon thoſe on whom we reſolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greateſt need of tenderneſs and aſſiſtance.

But

But though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes claim our compaſſion, as the conſequence or concomitant of miſery, it is very often found where nothing can juſtiſy or excuſe its admiſſion. It is frequently one of the attendants on the proſperous, and is employed by inſolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harraſſing ſubjection. It is the offspring of idleneſs or pride; of idleneſs, anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the leaſt obſtruction of her wiſhes. Thoſe who have long lived in ſolitude, indeed, naturally contract this unſocial quality, becauſe, having long had only themſelves to pleaſe, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their ſingularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently or moroſely withdrawn themſelves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any neceſſity, nurſed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit ſubmiſſiveneſs the condition of their favour, and ſuffering none to approach them, but thoſe who never ſpeak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himſelf up to his own fancy, and converſes with none but ſuch as he hires to lull him on the down of abſolute authority, to ſoothe him with obſequiouſneſs, and regale him with flattery, ſoon grows too ſlothful for the labour of conteſt, too tender for the aſperity of contradiction, and too delicate for

ſor the coarſeneſs of truth; a little oppoſition offends, a little reſtraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accuſtomed to ſee every thing give way to his humour, he ſoon forgets his own littleneſs, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a ſtate of ſuperiority to all about her. Having no ſuperfluity of underſtanding, ſhe was ſoon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, ſuch as ſhe, had nothing to do but take pleaſure their own way; that ſhe wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reaſon to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themſelves ill-treated, ſhould look for better uſage among their equals.

Warm with theſe generous ſentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, in which ſhe endeavoured to force reſpect by haughtineſs of mien, and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, ſhe ſuffered ſuch mortifications from thoſe who thought themſelves at liberty to return her inſults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her

to

to practiſe her arts of vexation only where ſhe might hope to tyrannize without reſiſtance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors, with ſo much diligence, that ſhe has formed a principle of diſapprobation, and finds in every place ſomething to grate her mind and diſturb her quiet.

If ſhe takes the air, ſhe is offended with heat or cold, the glare of the ſun, or the gloom of the clouds; if ſhe makes a viſit, the room in which ſhe is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furniſhed with ſomething which ſhe cannot ſee without averſion. Her tea is never of the right ſort; the figures on the *China* give her diſguſt. Where there are children, ſhe hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, ſhe cannot bear a place without ſome cheerfulneſs and rattle. If many ſervants are kept in a houſe, ſhe never fails to tell how Lord *Laviſh* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, ſhe relates the ſtory of a miſer that made his company wait on themſelves. She quarrelled with one family, becauſe ſhe had an unpleaſant view from their windows; with another, becauſe the ſquirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, becauſe ſhe could not bear the noiſe of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers ſhe is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their

work,

work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another faſhion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at firſt; then will have a ſmall improvement. Thus ſhe proceeds till no profit can recompence the vexation; they at laſt leave the clothes at her houſe, and refuſe to ſerve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, profeſſes to take her own courſe, and hear her miſtreſs talk. Such is the conſequence of peeviſhneſs; it can be borne only when it is deſpiſed.

It ſometimes happens, that too cloſe an attention to minute exactneſs, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewiſe, to men of vigorous imagination to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret, becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed, which ſhould never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appear from leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may

ſometimes

ſometimes juſtly boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of baſe extraction, the child of vanity, and nurſling of ignorance.

---

## CURIOUS ANECDOTE

### OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

## KING OF FRANCE.

WHEN Louis XVI. aſcended the throne, he was only twenty years of age; and had, at firſt, no other counſel than the written advice left him by his father, the late dauphin. This precious paternal bequeſt was ordered to remain ſealed till his ſon ſhould ſucceed to the throne. Immediately on his acceſſion, he haſtens to open it, with a pious deſign to obey its every injunction. It adviſes him, by all means, to engage for his mentor M. De Machault, as the moſt able perſon to direct his ſteps, if the weight of royalty ſhould deſcend on him at a period ſo premature, that he could only be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs rectitude of intention for the performance of his duties. Faithful to the wiſhes of a beloved father, he immediately writes the following letter to M. De Machault:

" *Choiſy,*

" *Choiſy, May* 11, 1774.

" IN the juſt grief which overwhelms me, " and which I participate with the whole nation, I " have great duties to fulfil: I am king, and this " name includes innumerable obligations. But I " am only twenty, and have not acquired all the " knowledge which is neceſſary for my ſituation. " In the mean time, I muſt not ſee any of the mi- " niſters, who have been with the king during his " contagious diſtemper. From the confidence " which I repoſe in your probity, and the profound " knowledge which you are known to poſſeſs, I am " induced to deſire that you would aſſiſt me with " your advice. Come, then, the firſt moment " poſſible, and you will afford me a great pleaſure.

" LOUIS."

The confidence of the young monarch was well merited by M. De Machault, who had long been the miniſter of the finances and of the law, under Louis XV. He had, however, been for ſome time diſmiſſed from his employments, through the intrigues of the eccleſiaſtical cabal, becauſe he was deſirous of obliging the clergy to pay taxes like other ſubjects; and he had ever ſince lived on his eſtate, in the deepeſt retirement, univerſally eſteemed, except by thoſe who had ſo ſucceſsfully conſpired againſt him.

Nothing

Nothing now was wanting to this letter, but the direction; when, either from a native timidity, or a deſire to have the excellence of his choice confirmed, Louis XVI. went to his aunt, Mademoiſelle Adelaide, communicated the deſire of his father, and ſhewed her the yet unaddreſſed letter, which he had in conſequence written. The princeſs highly approves his conduct, and even requeſts him inſtantly to ſend off a courier with the letter. *The king, unfortunately, keeps it back ſeveral hours!* Mademoiſelle Adelaide, in the mean time, as moſt ladies would naturally do, informs her female ſuite who was to be the prime miniſter. The news flies, with the rapidity of lightening, and alarm ſpreads among the courtiers. Every individual of this ſycophantick ſwarm dreaded the integrity, and the auſtere virtues, of him who was now to be appointed ſtate pilot. Intrigue is put in motion; corruption, of courſe, follows. A hundred thouſand crowns are offered to a lady, who is well known to have great influence over the princeſs, if ſhe can ſo far ſucceed, as to change the choice of a miniſter in favour of M. De Maurepas. This nobleman had been miniſter at the juvenvile age of fifteen; and, at thirty, he had been diſmiſſed. Though now far advanced in years, he was known to have lived a life of diſſipation, and to poſſeſs a large fund of intrigue, gaiety, frivolity,

and

and pliability. He had written epigrams; he was a voluptuary, and a wit: in ſhort, he was the perſon beſt adapted to the views of the diſſolute courtiers of Verſailles, who were deſirous of prolonging the abuſes of the late reign. The lady of honour, tempted by the hundred thouſand crowns, now adroitly inſinuated to the princeſs that the choice of M. De Machault would not fail to offend the clergy; and that, in conſequence, there was reaſon to fear the commencement of the new reign would be ſtormy. Having contrived to alarm Mademoiſelle Adelaide, that princeſs haſtens to diſcloſe her anxiety to the king; and the unfortunate Louis XVI. naturally timid, and dreading the conſequences of his firſt regal act, finiſhed the buſineſs by directing the ſame letter to the Count De Maurepas!

Thus, at his firſt ſtep towards the throne, this unhappy monarch fell into a net; and this error was the fertile ſource of innumerable others. M. De Maurepas, tottering with age and infirmity, on the brink of his tomb, thought it neceſſary to procure friends, who might, by every where extolling his abilities, fix him firmly in the office of grand-viſier. To augment their number, he purchaſed them by all poſſible methods. To ſome he gave penſions, for others he created new offices; and, by theſe means, ſoon compleated the ruin of the finances, and

paved

paved the way for the fate of Louis XVI. and all the irretrievable miſery with which France has been ſubſequently overwhelmed. Never, ſurely, did ſuch fatal conſequences ariſe from changing the direction of a letter!

## ON LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, like many other diſpoſitions of our minds, is neceſſarily pleaſant to us, when it begins, in the natural manner, from ſome perception in the mind of ſomething ludicrous, and does not take its riſe unnaturally from external motion in the body. Every one is conſcious that a ſtate of laughter is an eaſy and agreeable ſtate: that the recurring or ſuggeſtion of ludicrous images, tends to diſpel fretfulneſs, anxiety, or ſorrow, and to reduce the mind to an eaſy and happy ſtate: as, on the other hand, an eaſy and happy ſtate is that in which we are moſt lively and acute in perceiving the ludicrous in objects: any thing that gives us pleaſure, puts us alſo in a fitneſs for laughter, when ſomething ridiculous occurs; and ridiculous objects occurring to a ſoured temper, will be apt to recover it

it to eaſineſs. The implanting then a ſenſe of the ridiculous in our nature, was giving us an avenue to pleaſure, and an eaſy remedy for diſcontent and ſorrow. Again, laughter, like other affections, is very contagious: our whole frame is ſo ſociable, that one merry countenance may diffuſe cheerfulneſs to many; nor are they all fools who are apt to laugh before they know the jeſt, however curioſity in wiſe men may reſtrain it, that their attention may be kept awake.

We are diſpoſed by laughter to a good opinion of the perſon who raiſes it: if neither ourſelves, nor our friends, are made the butt. Laughter is not one of the ſmalleſt bonds of common friendſhip, though it be of leſs conſequence in great heroic friendſhip.

Laughter is received in a different manner by the perſon ridiculed, according as he who uſes the ridicule evidences good-nature; friendſhip and eſteem for the perſon whom he laughs at, or the contrary.

Fantaſtical circumſtances accompanying a crime may raiſe laughter, but a piece of cruel barbarity, or treacherous villainy, of itſelf, muſt raiſe very oppoſite paſſions. A jeſt is not common in an impeachment of a criminal, or an oration full of invectives; it rather diminiſhes than increaſes the abhorrence in an audience, and may juſtly excite contempt of the orator for an unnatural affectation

of wit. Jeſting is ſtill more unnatural in diſcourſes intended to move compaſſion towards the diſtreſſed. A forced ridicule, on either of theſe occaſions, muſt be apt to kindle in the guilty or the miſerable, hatred againſt the laugher; ſince it muſt be ſuppoſed to flow from hatred in him towards the object of his ridicule, or from want of all compaſſion. The guilty will take laughter to be a triumph over him as contemptible! the wretched will interpret it as hardneſs of heart, and inſenſibility. This is the natural effect of joining to either of theſe objects, mean, ludicrous ideas.

If ſmaller faults, faults not inconſiſtent with a character amiable in the main, be ſet in a ridiculous light, the guilty are apt to be made ſenſible of their folly, more by an expoſure of their follies than by grave admonitions.

Ridicule upon very little faults, when it does not appear to flow from kindneſs, is extremely provoking; for by the application of mean ideas to our conduct, the ridiculer diſcovers contempt for us, and ſhews a deſire to render us contemptible to others.

Ridicule upon any ſlight misfortune or injury, which we have received with ſorrow or reſentment, when it is applied by a third perſon, with appearance of good nature, is exceedingly uſeful to abate our concern, or reſentment, and to reconcile us to

the

the perſon who injured us, if he does not perſiſt in his injurious proceedings.

From this conſideration of the effects of laughter, it may be eaſy to ſee for what end a ſenſe of the ridiculous was implanted in human nature, and in what manner it ought to be managed.

It is plainly of conſiderable moment in human ſociety: it is often productive of great pleaſure, and it enlivens our converſation exceedingly when it is conducted by good-nature. It ſpreads a pleaſantry of temper over hundreds at once; and one merry, eaſy mind frequently diffuſes a ſimilar diſpoſition over all who are in company. There is nothing of which we are more communicative than a good jeſt; and many a man who is incapable of obliging us in any other ſhape, can oblige us by his mirth, and really inſinuate himſelf into our kind affections and good wiſhes.

But this is not all the uſe of laughter: it is well known that our paſſions of every kind lead us into wild enthuſiaſtic apprehenſions of their ſeveral objects. When any object ſeems great in compariſon with ourſelves, our minds are apt to run into a perfect veneration; when an object appears formidable, a weak mind will fly into a panic, an unreaſonable impotent horror. Now, in both theſe caſes, by our ſenſe of the ridiculous, we are made capable of re-

lief from any pleaſant ingenious well-wiſher, by more effectual means, than by the moſt ſolemn ſedate reaſoning. Nothing will ſooner prevent our exceſſive admiration of mixed grandeur, or hinder our being led by that which is perhaps really great in ſuch an object, to imitate alſo and approve what is really mean.

This engine of ridicule may be undoubtedly abuſed, and have a very bad effect upon a weak mind; but with men of any reflection, there is little fear that it will ever be very pernicious. The only danger is in objects of a mixed nature, before people of little judgment, who, by jeſts upon the weak ſide, are ſometimes led into neglect or contempt of that which is truly valuable in any character, inſtitution, or office: and this may ſhew us the impertinence and pernicious tendency of general undiſtinguiſhed jeſts upon any character or office which has been too much over-rated. But that ridicule may be abuſed, does not prove it uſeleſs or unneceſſary, more than a like poſſibility of abuſe would prove our ſenſes and paſſions impertinent or hurtful.

The rules to avoid abuſe of this kind are, firſt, "Either never to attempt ridicule upon what is "every where great, whether it be any great being, "character, or ſentiment; or, if our wit muſt ſome-"times run into alluſions on low occaſions, to the

"expreſſions

" expreſſions of great ſentiments, let it not be in " weak company, who have not a juſt diſcernment " of true grandeur: and ſecondly, concerning ob- " jects of a mixed nature, partly great, and partly " mean, let us never turn the meanneſs into ridicule, " without acknowledging what is truly great, and " paying a juſt veneration to it."

Another valuable purpoſe of ridicule is, with relation to ſmaller vices, which are often more effectually corrected by it than by grave admonition: men have been laughed out of faults, which a ſermon could not reform; nay, there are many little indecencies, which are, and cannot be properly mentioned in ſuch ſolemn diſcourſes. Now, ridicule with contempt or ill nature is indeed always irritating and offenſive; but we may, by teſtifying a juſt eſteem for the good qualities of the perſon ridiculed, and our concern for his intereſts, let him ſee that our laughter at his weakneſs flows from our love for him, and then we may hope for its proving efficacious.

As to jeſts upon imperfections which one cannot amend, they are, I think, entirely uſeleſs. Men of ſenſe have no reliſh for ſuch jeſts: fooliſh trifling minds may be led by them to deſpiſe the trueſt merit, which is not exempted from the caſual misfortunes of our mortal ſtate. If theſe imperfections

fections occur with a vicious character, againſt which people ſhould be alarmed and cautioned, it is below a wiſe man to raiſe averſions to bad men from their neceſſary infirmities, when they have a juſter handle from their vicious diſpoſitions.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his ſon and queen, (the illuſtrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provoſt has given us ſo entertaining a hiſtory) afraid of truſting to any perſon's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and deſarts, where they ſuffered all the extremity of diſtreſs, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal priſoners to make their eſcape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruf-

fian,

ſian, who approached them with a drawn ſword in his hand, and fury in his aſpect. On this occaſion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of preſence of mind and reſolution. Taking her ſon by the hand, and aſſuming an air of confidence and majeſty, "There, friend," ſaid ſhe, "ſave my ſon, the ſon "of good King Henry." The robber was ſtruck with the dignity and beauty of her perſon, as well as with the nature of her addreſs. He happened to be one of thoſe who had been outlawed for adhering to the cauſe of her huſband. His ſavage heart was melted into compaſſion at the ſight of his queen and prince in ſuch deplorable diſtreſs. He comforted them with aſſurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the ſea-ſide, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a veſſel for Flanders.

## THE TENDER POINT.

### A MORAL TALE.

HARRY Greville, the third ſon of a gentleman of fortune in the north of England, was a ſtudent in the Temple, with a genteel allowance from

from his father. Having always had a ſtrong reliſh for theatrical entertainments, and being an enthuſiaſtic admirer of Shakeſpear, he was naturally driven, by an irreſiſtible impulſe, to Stratford, to be preſent at the jubilee in honour of his favourite bard. During his ſtay at Stratford, his eyes and his ears were ſufficiently delighted: the latter were particularly feaſted by the parts of the Commemoration Ode, which our Roſcius recited in a maſterly manner, more eaſily to be conceived than deſcribed.—Highly delighted, however, as he was with the feſtivities of the place, his tranſports upon the mirthful occaſion were prodigiouſly increaſed by a little adventure which he met with as a man of gallantry.

Happening to ſit by a fine young girl, apparently about nineteen, on the laſt day of the jubilee, he was ſo ſtruck with her perſonal charms, that he could not help addreſſing ſome panegyrical ſpeeches to her; but he addreſſed them with a delicate obliquity which prevented them from being the leaſt offenſive. So far, indeed, were they from being offenſive to the young lady, that ſhe received them with ſmiles evidently expreſſive of ſatisfaction; and thoſe ſmiles encouraged him to throw additional ſpirit into his converſation, eſpecially as he found by the anſwers which ſhe very modeſtly returned, that her converſible talents were by no means contemptible. Fired

with

with her beauty, and in raptures at every ſyllable which dropped from her lovely lips, he "with "greedy ear devoured up her diſcourſe, and looked "and ſighed unutterable things."

Miſs Morley was, indeed, pretty nearly of the age Mr. Greville had ſuppoſed her to be: ſhe was little more than nineteen, and very much admired by every body who beheld her. She was at Stratford under the protection of an aunt, who, by her behaviour to Harry, gave him no ſmall reaſon to believe ſhe was extremely well pleaſed with his attentions to her niece. Harry, in ſhort, made himſelf ſo agreeable in Mrs. Barnard's eyes, that, on the day of her ſetting out for London, ſhe gave him an invitation, a preſſing one, to her apartments in Bond-ſtreet.

Mrs. Barnard was a gay widow of five and thirty; but no girl of fifteen had ever a higher reliſh for what is commonly called pleaſure. She was lucky enough, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, to get a ſettlement of five hundred a year; in return for which, ſhe broke her huſband's heart in little more than a twelvemonth, by turning out totally different from the perſon to whom he made his addreſſes, and by committing ſeveral indiſcretions, indiſcretions which, as a man of nice ſenſibility, he could not overlook, but which he could not reſent without

without expoſing himſelf to the ridicule of the polite world; and he was utterly unable to ſtand firm againſt the laugh of thoſe with whom from his genteel ſituation in life he aſſociated. Mr. Barnard, being very much in love himſelf, fondly imagined, for want of penetration, during the deluſive moments of courtſhip, that he was truly beloved; matrimony ſoon opened his eyes, and he was almoſt ready to tear them out of his head, before the honey-moon was over, for having ſo cruelly deceived him. From that time the matrimonial yoke grew leſs and leſs ſupportable; and the cutting reflections which roſe every hour in his mind, very ſoon impaired his health. He could not unmarry himſelf; but he altered his will, that his wife might not, at his death, have a penny more than the ſum which he had ſettled upon her.

Mrs. Barnard was extremely diſappointed when the will was read, fully imagining that ſhe ſhould have been left a richer widow. Her firſt effuſions upon this mortifying occaſion were rather indecent. Some of her huſband's relations, ſcandalized at the groſs impropriety of her behaviour, ſeverely reprehended her for it; but their reprehenſions only excited her mirth. "Well," replied ſhe, flouncing out of the room, "ſince the old fellow has left me "no more than my jointure, I muſt make the moſt "of it, that's all."

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnard's jointure, however, handſome as it was, by no means proved ſufficient to ſupport her in her favourite ſphere of life: her income was in no proportion to her taſte; ſo that finding her affairs in a ſhort time pretty much embarraſſed, ſhe began to look out for another dupe to diſentangle them. She was in this ſituation when Harry waited on her in town, in order to renew his addreſſes to Miſs Morley.

Harry met with the reception from Mrs. Barnard which he had reaſon to expect from her: ſhe was, indeed, remarkably polite in her behaviour to him, and as ſhe had, previouſly, enquired into his family and connections, pleaſed herſelf not a little with the thoughts of getting off her niece, who began to be much in her way. She had taken her out of compaſſion to a ſiſter of her's in the Weſt of England, a widow, alſo encumbered with a large family, and in very narrow circumſtances, when her affairs enabled her to be kind to her: but ſhe now heartily wiſhed to be rid of her almoſt at any rate.

Harry, quite ſatisfied with his reception, ſoon came to the point, by ſeriouſly aſking Mrs. Barnard's permiſſion to marry her niece; and ſhe immediately gave him her conſent without the leaſt heſitation. "I ſhall think myſelf honoured, Sir," continued ſhe, "by being allied to your family, and I will

"venture

" venture to anſwer for my niece's readineſs to be-
" come Mrs. Greville; I muſt, however, deal in-
" genuouſly with you: ſhe has no fortune: her
" mother is utterly unable to give her a ſhilling;
" but as Fanny has always been an exceeding good
" girl, I ſhall certainly be her friend as much as it is
" in my power."

By the latter part of the ſpeech, Harry was induced to overlook the want of fortune in the idol of his heart. Dazzled by the widow's appearance, which was in every reſpect elegant, genteel, and rather ſuperb, he haſtily concluded, that ſhe was in affluent circumſtances; and upon the ſtrength of his falſe concluſions, he fixed a day for the celebration of his nuptials. With the naming of that day Mrs. Barnard was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe expreſſed her ſatisfaction in the ſtrongeſt terms; Miſs Morley modeſtly aſſented to it by a graceful motion of her head.

In the midſt of his preparations for his wedding-day, Harry received an expreſs from Greville-hall. His father was given over by the phyſicians who attended him, and he earneſtly wiſhed to ſee him with his other children.

In conſequence of this hurrying ſummons he ſet off immediately.

On

On the evening of the third day after Harry's precipitate departure, Mrs. Barnard returned from Lady Rook's rout with ſuch a diminution of her fortune, that ſhe really alarmed Fanny, whom ſhe had left at home indiſpoſed with a cold, by her diſtracted behaviour. She walked up and down the room moſt violently agitated, wrung her hands, and ravingly cried ſeveral times, "I am ruined, abſo-"lutely ruined."

The next morning ſhe received a viſit from Sir George Frampton, in whoſe company ſhe had played the evening before; but not at the ſame table.

Sir George being a man who knew a great deal of the female world, and who was as artful as he was amorous, opened his mind with much eaſe and conciſeneſs, "I have long had a prodigious paſſion "for Miſs Morley, madam, and if you will favour "me with your aſſiſtance—You underſtand me, "I imagine—Theſe notes," ſpreading out five of an hundred each—"will be extremely at your "ſervice."

Mrs. Barnard pauſed. Sir George immediately reckoned upon her aſſiſtance: when a woman deliberates upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhe is certainly in a captivating condition.

After a ſhort conſultation, a mock marriage was agreed upon. Fanny, not having any partiality

lity for Mr. Greville, was eaſily perſuaded to become Lady Frampton.

In leſs than a fortnight after the ſham marriage of her niece, Mrs. Barnard ſurpriſed her one day at her new apartments, by appearing in tears, and by exclaiming bitterly againſt Sir George—"O Fanny! "my dear Fanny," ſaid ſhe, "we have been ſhock- "ingly deceived; Sir George is a villain. The per- "ſon whom he employed to perform the ceremony "was not a clergyman, but one of his libertine "companions diſguiſed."

Fanny inſtantly fainted. When ſhe came to herſelf, Mrs. Barnard took an infinite deal of pains to comfort her; and to render her conſolations the more efficacious, told her, they had nothing to do but to huſh the matter up, and wait with patience for the return of Mr. Greville from the North. In caſes of neceſſity there is no time for demurring: Fanny conſented to impoſe upon Greville, by concealing the ill-treatment ſhe had met with; but could not be prevailed on to ſtay in the apartments which Sir George had hired for her. Sir George made his appearance juſt when ſhe was going to leave them; and ſhe diſcovered a becoming reſentment in her behaviour to him. Harry arrived at Greville-hall only time enough to receive his father's bleſſing: the good old man died in a few hours after his arrival.

Harry

Harry had great reaſon to be ſatisfied with the diſtribution of his father's fortune; but as there were many family affairs to be ſettled, he was obliged to remain with his brothers longer than he intended to ſtay with them, for his heart was in Bond-ſtreet.

As ſoon as he came to his chambers in the Temple, he found a card from the moſt intimate friend he had in the world.

"Charles Bruton begs the favour of his old "friend to call on him without delay, after the pe- "ruſal of this card."

Harry, though ſtrongly prompted by love to make his firſt viſit to Bond-ſtreet, was juſt at that moment more ſtrongly urged by curioſity to ſtop in the Paper-Buildings before he proceeded to his miſtreſs.

Charles, after having cordially embraced, intreated him with uncommon earneſtneſs to give up all thoughts of Miſs Morley.

So extraordinary a requeſt, ſo abruptly delivered, threw Harry into aſtoniſhment; and he deſired his friend, haſtily, to explain the meaning of theſe words.

Charles, like a true friend, diſcloſed all he had heard, and from unqueſtionable authority, concerning the connection between Miſs Morley and Sir George Frampton. Harry would not believe a ſyllable of the allegation againſt his Fanny. High words

words aroſe between them, and Harry ſet off for Bond-ſtreet, as fully convinced of the virtue of his miſtreſs, as he was irritated againſt the credulity and impertinent officiouſneſs of his friend.

His reception at Mrs. Barnard's gave him ſo much ſatisfaction, that when he returned to his chambers, he ſent a challenge to his friend.

They met the next morning in Hyde-Park: Charles, having in vain endeavoured to reaſon with his adverſary, fought, fell, and—died.

Harry, in a few days afterwards, was married to Miſs Morley: but he in a very ſhort time found out how groſsly he had been impoſed upon. To deſcribe what he felt at that inſtant is impoſſible. His feelings muſt have been of the moſt torturing kind; but thoſe feelings were of a ſhort duration, for utterly unable to bear the ignominy which he had brought upon himſelf, and ſeverely ſmarting for the murder of his friend, he ſhot himſelf through the head ſoon after the afflicting diſcovery.

ANECDOTE

# ANECDOTE
OF
# HARRY FIELDING.

IN the character of the late Harry Fielding, good-nature and philanthropy, in their extreme degree, were known to be the prominent features. The following anecdote of that ſecond Timon, not of univerſal notoriety, is given in illuſtration of ſuch his peculiar characteriſtic. This invoker of the Nine, in common with all the verſe-making tribe who climb Parnaſſus' hill, had not the mines of Potoſi at command. His receipts were never large, and his pocket was an open bank for diſtreſs and friendſhip at all times to draw on. Marked by ſuch a liberality of mind, it is not to be wondered at, if he was frequently under pecuniary embarraſſments. In one of theſe predicaments, his conduct was ſo truly ſocial, ſo perfectly oblivious of ſelf, that it ought to be recorded to his immortal honour, as exhibiting the proof dernier of friendſhip *inter homines*. Some parochial taxes for his houſe in Beaufort-Buildings being unpaid, and for which he had been demanded again and again, or, in the vulgar phraſe, dunn'd *de die in diem*, he was at laſt given to

 underſtand

underſtand by the collector, who had an eſteem for him, that he could procraſtinate the payment no longer. In this dilemma the author of *Tom Jones* called a counſel of his thoughts, to whom he ſhould apply for a temporary accommodation on the pledge of the embrios of his own brain. Jacob Tonſon was his reſource on theſe occaſions:—to him therefore he addreſſed himſelf, and mortgaged the coming ſheets of ſome work then in hand. He received the caſh—ſome ten or twelve guineas. Full freighted with this ſum, he was returning home; when, lo! fate, in the guiſe of friendſhip, had determined to intercept him, and prevent his reaching his deſtination with his pecuniary cargo. In the Strand, within a few yards of his own houſe, he met an old college chum, whom he had not ſeen for many years. Harry felt the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip; an hundred interrogations were put to him in a moment; as, Where had he been? Where was he going? How did he do? &c. &c. His friend told him, in reply, he had long been buffeting the waves of adverſe fortune, but never could ſurmount them:

"*Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum.*"

The reſult may be anticipated. Fielding's glow of friendſhip led him to aſk his quondam intimate

to

to take a dinner at the neighbouring tavern, to talk over old ſtories, and taſte the Tuſcan grape. The invitation was accepted—the viands were ſpread—the exhilarating juice appeared—and cares were given to the winds. The moments flew joyous, and unperceived; they both partook largely of "the feaſt "of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul." In the courſe of their *tête à tête*, Fielding became acquainted with the ſtate of his friend's pocket. He emptied his own into it; and parted, a few periods before Aurora's appearance, greater and happier than a monarch. Arrived at home, his ſiſter, who waited his coming with the greateſt anxiety, began to queſtion him as to his cauſe for ſtaying. Harry began to relate the felicitous rencontre—his ſiſter Amelia tells him *the collector had called for the taxes twice that day*. This information let our worthy author down to earth again, after his elevation, in his own reflections, to the ſeventh heaven. His reply was laconic, but memorable: "Friendſhip has called "for the money, and had it:—let the collector call "again." A ſecond application to Tonſon gave him the ability to ſatisfy the joint demands of the pariſh and his friend.

ON THE

## SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

WHEN, gently ſwelling from the genial root,
The buds of balmy ſpring begin to ſhoot,
The eye, inquiſitive, from day to day,
Obſerves the progreſs of the ſolar ray;
And, as the warmth and vernal airs inſpire,
The leaf expanding glows with rich attire:
The inſect tribes, upon its gloſſy veſt,
Their hours of paſtime o'er, return to reſt,
Depoſe their eggs, in velvet ſafely lie,
And nature fully ſatiate, buzz, and die.
Thus we, poor actors, on this tranſient ſtage,
Paſs a ſhort interval from youth to age;
Can ſcarcely con our mortal leſſon o'er,
Before we languiſh, ſigh, and are no more.

## BON MOT.

A Lawyer being very pleaſant on one of the witneſſes concerned in an action againſt a Lottery Office-keeper, ſaying, "Sir, the lottery buſineſs "appears

" appears to me to be very profitable; I deſire you " will give me ſome inſight into it, as I mean to " commence lottery office-keeper myſelf." The witneſs replied, ' The buſineſs is not ſo lucrative as ' your own, but equally as honeſt. You now cut a ' reſpectable figure, but, depend upon it, in the new ' buſineſs you would cut a ridiculous one.'

---

## AN INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND FORTITUDE IN LORD ROBERT MANNERS, DURING THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT APRIL 12, 1782, BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.

LORD Robert Manners was among the very firſt wounded on board his own ſhip the Reſolution. He was endeavouring to get to his cabin upon one leg, when he was perceived by a very ſtout man, ſtationed at the wheel, who inſtantly took him up in his arms and carried him into his cabin. Beſides the loſs of his leg, Lord Robert received ſome other wounds and contuſions. Notwithſtanding his maimed

maimed condition, he continued to iſſue his orders through the whole day, with as much compoſure as if he had been perfectly at his eaſe. This aſtoniſhing circumſtance, however, will not ſurpriſe thoſe who had the honour and happineſs of knowing him. His behaviour in ſuch extreme bodily pain, is a ſtrong proof of the power of a firm and collected mind. After being engaged with ſeveral ſhips, he bore down on the Ville de Paris, at that time engaged with the Barfleur, Admiral Hood, and a 64, and ſoon after he got within gun-ſhot ſhe ſtruck. The Compte de Graſſe in ſome degree kept up his fire to the laſt, for ſeveral of his cannon-ſhot ſtruck the Reſolution as ſhe was coming on his quarter. From his Lordſhip's fortitude, compoſure, and excellent conſtitution, after ſome days, his recovery was not doubted of; when moſt unfortunately, a locked jaw came on, and he expired on board the Andromache frigate, having been about a fortnight on his paſſage home. His body was committed to the ocean. The not bringing it to England gave his noble relations great and juſt uneaſineſs.

# DEFINITION OF WIT.

WIT by ſome perſons is eſteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humourous and ſatirical, by others it is held to conſiſt in a quickneſs of fancy, and a keenneſs of apprehenſion. But what is wit? that is the preſent queſtion; to anſwer which, I would firſt obſerve, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not a lively fancy, or quickneſs of apprehenſion, but it includes all of them; and, poſitively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expreſſed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thought and words, or thought and words elegantly adapted to the ſubject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter ſtranger to all obſcenity, levity, and ill-nature. Mr. Locke deſcribes it as conſiſting in the aſſembling of ideas together with quickneſs and variety, wherein may be found any reſemblance or congruity, making up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy. Whence it is evidently no friend to perſonal ſatire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all ſuch pleaſing obſervations and remarks as delight and ſurpriſe at the ſame time.

False wit is only another term for meanneſs, ſcurrility, and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or ſubjects of indecency, and generally betrays a ſhallow underſtanding, a degenerate taſte, or a trifling ſpirit. A true wit is a man of genius, education, ſentiment, and acuteneſs; and, ſo far from being ſevere on the natural failings of others, or giving the leaſt encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himſelf the friend of virtue, humanity, and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addiſon's opinion, "Good-ſenſe is his father, Truth is his grand-"father, and Mirth and Good-humour are his cho-"ſen companions."

## FALSE PROMISES.

### AN ESSAY.

A False promiſe is a lie, and of the worſt kind too. I preſume no man is fond of being juſtly branded with the odious appellation of liar, and yet every man who pays no regard to his promiſes certainly deſerves it; I will therefore propoſe that a law ſhall immediately take place to this effect: That every

every perſon who regards not his promiſes, or is not punctual in performing them, ſhall (ſo ſoon as he is found out) have a ſlip of white paper paſted upon the back of his coat, in the moſt conſpicuous place, with the following motto written thereon in large capitals: I AM ONE OF THE KINGS OF THE LIARS. He ſhall be obliged to wear the ſame one month for every trivial offence, and a whole year for ſuch promiſes as were attended with bad conſequences. Or ſuppoſe, as government is now in want of caſh, you know for what purpoſe, we ſhould lay another tax upon the whole race of promiſe-breakers, and let L—d N---- be appointed receiver-general of all the money ariſing from ſuch tax, and have under him deputies appointed, one for every town in Europe.

Troth, Sir, I think this is no bad ſcheme, ſince, in the firſt place, it would ſhame numbers into *ſome* principle, who at preſent have *none*. In the next place, P--t would have no occaſion to deviſe methods for raiſing new taxes, for I think a ſupply might by this means be obtained ſufficient to hire mercenaries to cut a million of throats. But perhaps to this my ſcheme you will make one objection, viz. ſuppoſe the receiver-general ſhould break his promiſe, to whom ſhall he pay his fine.—Oh, Sir, this is not difficult—let him be obliged to condeſcend to

pay

pay it himſelf into the hands of one of the deputies, and the mortification may ſerve as ſome puniſhment.

Well but, Sir, if you do not chuſe to adopt my plan for curing thoſe who break their promiſes, yet I hope you will be kind enough to tell them that they muſt hereafter be anſwerable for their conduct, and perhaps in ſuch a manner as they now leaſt think of.

It is the peculiar property of the devil to deceive with falſe promiſes; what elſe induced our firſt parents to eat of the forbidden fruit, but a falſe promiſe that they ſhould become as gods, knowing good and evil? In what manner does the devil continue to gain ſervants, but by falſe promiſes? What man would even run into ſin, unleſs he were perſuaded that he ſhould find ſome pleaſure or advantage therefrom? And does not the devil promiſe him, that he ſhall enjoy juſt what he wiſhes for or expects? Whereas it is evident, at the ſame time, that this promiſe is a moſt deceitful lie. In ſhort, it is not common for the devil to make very large and advantageous promiſes? But did you ever know him perform any of them? Whoſoever thou art, then, that thus imitateſt the devil, thou art not far from being a ſecond devil. Remember, therefore, ere it be too late, from whence thou art fallen, and repent; promiſe no more, for the future, than thou

art

art able to perform, and be punctual in the performance thereof.

In the common concerns of life, the falſe promiſes made to the fair ſex are the moſt unpardonable, becauſe they very often tend to their ruin. Let, therefore, the lawleſs libertine be aſhamed of his conduct, unleſs he can make it appear that it is laudable to ruin thoſe who ſue unto us for protection. Let him likewiſe conſider, that whilſt he is thus delighting in the deſtruction of thoſe whom GOD and nature intended that he ſhould preſerve, protect, and defend, he is moſt effectually ruining himſelf; for ſhall not he, in ſome meaſure, be anſwerable for thoſe crimes which he induced them to commit? If thou art not able to anſwer for thy own ſins, how ſhalt thou be able to anſwer for thoſe which thou haſt cauſed others to commit? If, therefore, thou wilt indulge thyſelf in lawleſs ſallies, only for the ſake of momentary gratifications, yet remember that for all this GOD will one day bring thee into judgment.

ANECDOTE

# ANECDOTE
OF AN
# EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Ruſſia about the middle of the ſixteenth century, frequently went out diſguiſed, in order to diſcover the opinion which the people entertained of his adminiſtration. One day, in a ſolitary walk near Moſcow, he entered a ſmall village; and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from ſeveral of the inhabitants. His dreſs was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compaſſion of the villagers, and enſured his reception, was productive of refuſal. Full of indignation at ſuch inhuman treatment, he was juſt going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for aſſiſtance. It was the pooreſt cottage in the whole village. The Emperor haſtened to this, and knocking at the door, a peaſant opened it, and aſked him what he wanted. "I am almoſt dying with fatigue and hunger," anſwered the Czar, "can you give me a lodging "for one night?"—'Alas!' ſaid the peaſant, taking him by the hand, 'you will have but poor fare 'here:

'here: you are come at an unlucky time: my wife 'is in labour; her cries will not let you ſleep: but 'come in, come in; you will at leaſt be ſheltered 'from the cold; and ſuch as we have you ſhall be 'welcome to.'—The peaſant then made the Czar enter a little room, full of children: in a cradle were two infants ſleeping ſoundly; a girl, three years old, was ſleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two ſiſters, the one five years old, and the other ſeven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to GOD for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whoſe plaints and groans were diſtinctly heard.—'Stay here,' ſaid the peaſant to the Emperor, 'I 'will go and get ſomething for your ſupper.' He went out, and ſoon returned with ſome black bread, eggs, and honey.—'You ſee all I can give you,' ſaid the peaſant; 'partake of it with my children. 'I muſt go and aſſiſt my wife.'—"Your charity, "your hoſpitality," ſaid the Czar, "muſt bring "down bleſſings upon your houſe: I am ſure GOD "will reward your goodneſs."—'Pray to GOD, my 'good friend,' replied the peaſant, 'pray to GOD 'ALMIGHTY, that ſhe may have a ſafe delivery: 'that is all I wiſh for.'—"And is that all you wiſh "to make you happy?"—'Happy! judge for your-'ſelf. I have five fine children, a dear wife that 'loves me, a father and mother, all in good health;

'and

'and my labour is ſufficient to maintain them all.' "Do your father and mother live with you?"—'Certainly; they are in the next room with my 'wife.'—"But your cottage here is ſo very ſmall!"—'It is large enough; it can hold us all.'—The good peaſant then went to his wife, who, an hour after, was happily delivered. Her huſband, in a tranſport of joy, brought the child to the Czar: 'Look,' ſaid he, 'look; this is the ſixth ſhe has 'brought me! What a fine hearty child he is! 'May GOD preſerve him, as he has done my others!' The Czar, ſenſibly affected at this ſcene, took the child in his arms: "I know," ſaid he, "from the "phyſiognomy of this child, that he will be quite "fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, at great "preferment."—The peaſant ſmiled at this prediction; and at that inſtant the two eldeſt girls came to kiſs their new born-brother, and their grandmother came alſo to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peaſant, laying himſelf down upon his bed of ſtraw, invited the ſtranger to do the ſame. In a moment, the peaſant was in a ſound and peaceful ſleep; but the Czar, ſitting up, looked round, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderneſs and emotion—the ſleeping children and their ſleeping father. An undiſturbed ſilence reigned in the cottage. "What a happy calm! What de-

"lightful

" lightful tranquillity!" ſaid the Emperor: " Ava-
" rice and ambition, ſuſpicion and remorſe, never
" enter here. How ſweet is the ſleep of innocence!"
In ſuch reflections, and on ſuch a bed, did the mighty
Emperor of all the Ruſſias ſpend the night! The
peaſant awoke at break of day; and his gueſt, ta-
king leave of him, ſaid, " I muſt return to Moſcow,
" my friend: I am acquainted there with a very
" benevolent man, to whom I ſhall take care to
" mention your kind treatment of me. I can pre-
" vail upon him to ſtand godfather to your child.
" Promiſe me, therefore, that you will wait for me,
" that I may be preſent at the chriſtening: I will be
" back in three hours at fartheſt." The peaſant did
not think much of this mighty promiſe; but in the
good-nature of his heart, he conſented, however, to
the ſtranger's requeſt. The Czar immediately took
his leave: the three hours were ſoon gone; and no-
body appeared. The peaſant, therefore, followed
by his family, was preparing to carry his child to
church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard,
on a ſudden, the trampling of horſes, and the rattling
of many coaches. He looked out, and preſently
ſaw a multitude of horſes, and a train of ſplendid
carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and in-
ſtantly called his family to come and ſee the Em-
peror go by: they all run out in a hurry, and ſtood
before

before the door. The horſemen and carriages formed a circular line; and, at laſt, the ſtate-coach of the Czar ſtopped oppoſite the good peaſant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of ſeeing their ſovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened; the Czar alighted; and, advancing to his hoſt, thus addreſſed him: "I "promiſed you a godfather; I am come to fulfil "my promiſe; give me your child, and follow me "to church."—The peaſant ſtood like a ſtatue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of aſtoniſhment and joy; now obſerving his magnificent robes, and the coſtly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that ſurrounded him. In this profuſion of pomp he could not diſcover the poor ſtranger, who had lain ill with him all night upon ſtraw. The Emperor, for ſome moments, ſilently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addreſſed him thus: "Yeſter-"day *you* performed the duties of humanity: to-day "*I* am come to diſcharge the moſt delightful duty "of a ſovereign, that of recompenſing VIRTUE. I "ſhall not remove you from a ſituation to which "you do ſo much honour, and the innocence and "tranquillity of which I envy: but I will beſtow "upon you ſuch things as may be uſeful to you. "You ſhall have numerous flocks, rich paſtures,

"and

" and a houſe that will enable you to exerciſe the " duties of hoſpitality with pleaſure. Your new- " born child ſhall become my ward; for you may " remember," continued the Emperor, ſmiling, " that I propheſied he would be fortunate."—The good peaſant could not ſpeak; but, with tears of grateful ſenſibility in his eyes, he ran inſtantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him reſpectfully at his feet. This excellent ſovereign was quite affected: he took the child in his arms, and carried him himſelf to church; and, after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he ſhould be ſent to him as ſoon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully obſerved his engagement, cauſed the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future ſettlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peaſant and his family.

## A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

A Virtuous young Emperor, very much affected to find his actions miſconſtrued and defamed by a party among his ſubjects, who favoured ano-

ther intereſt, while he was one day ſitting among the miniſters of his divan, and amuſing himſelf, after the eaſtern manner, with the ſolution of difficult problems and enigmas, propoſed to them, in his turn, the following one: "What is the tree that "bears 365 leaves, which are all black on the one "ſide, and white on the other?" His grand-viſier immediately replied, 'It was the year which con-'ſiſted of 365 days and nights: but, ſir,' continued he, 'permit me, at the ſame time, to take notice, 'that thoſe leaves repreſent your actions, which 'carry different faces to your friends and enemies, 'and will always appear black to thoſe who are re-'ſolved to look upon the wrong ſide of them."

## AN ODD ANECDOTE

OF AN

## EARL OF SUFFOLK.

EDWARD Howard, Earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to verſify, and ſome derangement of his intellects, was ſo unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic ſort. A gentleman, on his firſt appearance as an author, was ſent for by this lord

lord to his houſe. His lordſhip told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the ſame name with the Honourable Edward Howard, ſo much ridiculed in the laſt age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore deſired the gentleman to recommend to ſome of the profeſſion of his acquaintance. The gentleman excuſed himſelf as well as he could: the Earl then began to read ſome of his verſes, but coming to the deſcription of a beautiful woman, he ſuddenly ſtopped, and ſaid, "I am not like moſt poets, ſir; I do not draw from "ideal miſtreſſes, I always have my ſubject before "me." Then ringing his bell, he ſaid to a footman, "call up *fine eyes*." A woman of the town appeared. "*Fine eyes*," ſaid the Earl, "look full "on this gentleman:" ſhe did ſo, and retired. Two or three others of the ſeraglio were ſummoned in their turns, and diſplayed the reſpective charms for which they had been diſtinguiſhed by his lordſhip's pen.

# THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

## A MORAL TALE.

AMONG the numerous heroes of antiquity, whoſe names have been buried in oblivion for want of a poet or an hiſtorian to tranſmit them to poſterity, Alcander and Cephiſus are certainly to be claſſed. They were (according to the manuſcript from which the following hiſtory is extracted) Athenians of a good family, and brothers: eſteemed for their private, ſtill more for their public virtues, which prompted them, upon every occaſion, to ſhew their patriotiſm with their tongues, or their ſwords. With the latter they nobly diſtinguiſhed themſelves under the command of Miltiades, in the battle of Marathon; but as no hiſtorian has thought proper to take notice of their military atchievements, dazzled by the ſuperior luſtre of the general himſelf, thoſe atchievements have not been recorded in the manner they merited. Luckily, however, ſome account of theſe brothers is preſerved in the annals of an obſcure Grecian writer, by whom their martial behaviour in the above-mentioned battle is highly extolled, and a few curious anecdotes, with regard to their private characters, are introduced, which will afford

ſuperiority of his military force, that he ſhould certainly conquer thoſe againſt whom he dared to lead his unwieldy armies. If royal ambition did not now and then receive very mortifying diſappointments, the world would be full of carnage and deſolation: but fortunately, when a king diſcovers too great a propenſity to be a ſcourge than a bleſſing to his ſubjects, Providence enables them, at ſome time or other, and in ſome ſhape, to throw off the yoke which is too heavy for them to bear.—Happily for us, our ſovereign is not of a ſanguinary diſpoſition; he is willing to rule us with the ſceptre of peace. —But to return to the two brothers.

Doubly animated by the pleaſure which Miltiades expreſſed at their alacrity, when they heard of his being appointed to check the career of the Perſian king, glorying in his ſtrength, and ſuppoſing him invincible, they prepared for their departure from Athens without delay; and, without being in the leaſt intimidated by the magnified accounts of the Perſian army, attended their general.

Every ſchool-boy knows that Miltiades gained a victory over Xerxes in the plains of Marathon; a victory particularly brilliant, as he had only ten thouſand to oppoſe ſix hundred thouſand; it is, of courſe, unneceſſary to enter into minutiæ relating to the battle which redounded ſo much to his own honour,

honour, and to the glory of his countrymen: but every body is not acquainted with the ſhare which Alcander and Cephiſus had in it.—They fought with the ferocity of lions, ſide by ſide, and exhibited the moſt indubitable proofs of their powers. Their valorous feats procured them the higheſt commendation from their ſucceſsful general; but he was uncommonly touched by the noble behaviour of Cephiſus, who, ſeeing himſelf ſeparated from his brother, during the bloody conflict, by a body of Perſians, by whom he was carried away their priſoner, immediately determined to reſcue him out of their hands, or periſh in the attempt. Stimulated by his fraternal affection as well as martial ardour, he followed the flying corps, puſhed into the thickeſt part of them, with a few young Athenians, who generouſly offered their aſſiſtance, and, after a ſevere engagement with them, relieved Alcander. Alcander, perceiving his brother advance, greatly facilitated the execution of his affectionate deſign by the exertion of his own ſtrength and addreſs; but the heroiſm of Cephiſus was not, however, by that exertion, diminiſhed. The ſcene betwixt the two brothers, in conſequence of their meeting again after a ſhort ſeparation, was very pathetic. Miltiades himſelf, when he heard of the tears which they mingled with their embraces, could hardly refrain from

from weeping, ſo powerfully did he feel, by the force of ſympathy, the pleaſure—exquiſite almoſt to pain, which they felt by their animated interview upon their being at liberty to diſplay new proofs of their patriotic zeal.

Soon after this junction between the two brothers, Alcander and Cephiſus were warmly employed in two parts of the field of battle with ſome of the beſt troops in the Perſian army. Alcander was ſo fortunate with his little corps, that he put his adverſaries to flight, and took a lady, who had accompanied the commanding officer, priſoner.

Alcander was very much pleaſed with having routed any part of that army by which Xerxes, preſuming upon numbers, thought, no doubt, in the pride of his heart, that the Greeks, who were daring enough to appear in arms againſt him, would be all cut to pieces: he was additionally pleaſed with the capture he had made. With the beauty of Celimene, indeed, he was tranſported to ſuch a degree that he could not mention her without having recourſe to the moſt rapturous expreſſions. So happy a mixture of beauty and grace, of dignity and eaſe, he had not, even among his own country-women, ever ſeen before; and as he was of an amorous complexion, her perſonal charms operated upon him in a violent manner. To increaſe the tranſports which

he

he felt upon the occaſion, he beheld in her rather a ſatisfaction than a concern at her captivity. This ſeeming paradox muſt be explained.

Celimene, the only daughter of a man in a very humble ſphere, was all his comfort: he loved her with an unuſual ſhare of parental affection, and her behaviour to him, from her earlieſt infancy, left him no room to queſtion the ſincerity of her filial attachment to him. Her whole ſtudy, indeed, was to make her father's life happy, and ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that he derived from her dutiful attentions much the greateſt part of the rural felicity which he enjoyed in his lowly cottage, reſpected by all who knew his worth (though doomed by fortune to labour for a ſubſiſtence) for the innocence of his life, and the integrity of his conduct. The birth of his daughter gave the poor peaſant ſmall pleaſure, as he had wiſhed for a ſon, and as her mother died in bringing her into the world; but as ſhe grew up, ſhe not only rendered herſelf perfectly agreeable, ſhe made herſelf alſo really uſeful to him. As ſhe was exceedingly handſome, however, he ſometimes ſighed to think of the temptations to which ſhe would be expoſed, ſhould he be ſnatched ſuddenly from her by the omnipotent arm of death; but he drew conſolation on the other hand, from the diſcretion which ſhe diſcovered in all her actions, and from

her

afford more entertainment, perhaps, to the readers of them, than a long detail of the wounds they gave, or the wounds they received, while they were bravely hazarding their lives in the pure ſpirit of patriotiſm, with a true love for their country.

Alcander and Cephiſus were both amiable, but there were ſeveral traits in their diſpoſitions which ſerved to make them appear diſtinct characters. Their perſons were ſtriking, their manners were poliſhed, their eloquence was perſuaſive, and their courage was unqueſtioned: but they were of tempers diametrically oppoſite. Alcander, free, open, and unreſerved, thought every body as ſincere as himſelf, and was conſequently often deceived in his commerce with the world. Cephiſus, on the other hand, by having made more obſervations on mankind than his brother, was full of ſuſpicions, and of courſe more upon his guard: he wrapped himſelf up in his own virtue, and as he had no ſort of inclination to injure others in any ſhape whatever, he did all in his power to prevent others from injuring him: and as his private ſuſpicions only led him to be thus armed with circumſpection in his public dealings, they could not be deemed cenſurable. Men who diſcover no doubts concerning the honour and integrity of thoſe with whom they have any tranſactions, will, indeed, be more popular characters;

ters; they will be laughed at too, perhaps, for dupes; but they will be loved at the ſame time for good-natured creatures, who are only enemies to themſelves.

No two brothers ever lived more happily together than Alcander and Cephiſus: a fraternal affection, like that ſubſiſting between them, was a proverbial expreſſion; and as for the oppoſition diſcernible in their tempers, it proved, on many occaſions, ſerviceable to them: the unjuſt ſuſpicions of Cephiſus were, ſometimes, happily corrected by Alcander, and the exceſſive credulity of Alcander was as happily corrected by Cephiſus; ſo that there was a perfect agreement between them upon the whole; and a few home-bred diſcords, like thoſe in muſic, did but contribute to render their domeſtic harmony more complete.

As theſe brothers had often diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their valour in the field, as well as by their elocution in the ſenate; they were greatly eſteemed by Miltiades, and they gave him particular pleaſure by the eagerneſs which they ſhewed to accompany him in his expedition againſt Xerxes; an expedition which proved as honourable to himſelf, as it was inglorious to the haughty, over-bearing monarch that oppoſed him; imagining, with all the falſe ſpirit and real inſolence of a Drawcanſir, from the ſuperiority

her never appearing to be cenſurably conſcious of her beauty; ſo that he was, upon the whole, more inclined to believe, that ſhe would be always governed by prudence, than do any thing to blaſt her honour. To thoſe among the libertines of the age who happen to dip into this artleſs tale, this paſſage may, perhaps, afford merriment, and prompt them to be as witty as they can upon the honour of a country girl; but ſuch a girl has ſurely a character to ſupport as well as the daughter of a peer; and if every female, both in high and low life, would look upon a good name as the immediate jewel of their ſouls,

. . . . " Men would adore them,
" And all the buſineſs of their lives be loving."

Thoroughly happy in her humble ſituation, Celimene, though ſhe had been often tempted by ſome of the licentious men of faſhion in her father's neighbourhood, to put them in poſſeſſion of her beauty, upon their own terms, would never make any deviations from the paths of virtue, in which her father had laudably trained her. Never dazzled by the ſplendour of their offers, ſhe rejected them all with a commendable diſdain; and by ſo doing ſhe rendered her diſhonourable admirers almoſt mad with vexation and pride; but ſhe, at the ſame time,

ſhone

ſhone with redoubled luſtre in the eyes of all thoſe who conſider the union between beauty and virtue in a female form, as "a conſummation devoutly to "be wiſhed:" for without that union, the man who takes a Venus to his arms, may be juſtly apprehenſive of every young Mars who comes in his way.

On his march with the Perſian troops under his command towards the plains of Marathon, Harpagus could not, without deviating unneceſſarily from the direct road, avoid paſſing within ſight of that cottage in which the above-mentioned beauty lived in a ſtate of the pureſt ſimplicity. The ſight of this cottage would have been no object of this general's attention, had he not beheld, at the entrance of it, a female figure, the moſt alluring, in ſpite of the ruſticity of her attire, which he had ever met with. The meanneſs of her dreſs could not diveſt her perſon of the power of ſtriking whenever it appeared. Harpagus felt its force to ſuch a degree that he could not reſtrain himſelf from halting, in order to ſolicit her company in his expedition.

Celimene, happening at that moment to be quite alone, and waiting impatiently for the return of her father from the neareſt city, on whoſe account ſhe endured no ſmall uneaſineſs, fearful of his having been detained from his homely, but happy dwelling, by ſome diſagreeable accident, was very much em-

barraſſed

barraſſed and confuſed at the approach of a fine young fellow, extremely pleaſing in his perſon, and by his habiliments evidently a man of importance in the Perſian army. The nearer he approached, the greater was her confuſion; her eyes were ſo powerfully attracted at the ſame time by the pompouſneſs of his appearance, that ſhe had not ſufficient preſence of mind to retire, in order to ſhun an interview which ſhe dreaded. Harpagus, having advanced near enough to take a very accurate ſurvey of her perſonal charms, was ſtill more inflamed than he had been by a diſtant view of them, and, with all the politeneſs of a ſatrap, made her an offer which few Engliſh girls in her ſituation would have refuſed: nor would ſhe have rejected them, had her admirer given her reaſon to believe that his generoſity proceeded from the moſt diſintereſted motives. As ſoon as ſhe found that his magnificent offers were only intended as a bribe to ſeduce her from the paths of virtue, ſhe felt her ſoul ſuperior to all his glittering temptations, and fled from his preſence. Impelled by love—or rather by a paſſion which deſerves not that name—he followed; and perceiving, with the utmoſt pleaſure, that there was not a creature except herſelf in the cottage, he forced her from it, regardleſs of her intreaties and her prayer, doubly affecting by the tears with which they were

accompanied,

accompanied. By this compulſive mode of acting, he gained her for a companion in his march; but he had taken the worſt way imaginable to gain her heart. She conceived, indeed, from the brutality of his behaviour, (the politeſt men act the brutes in ſome ſituations) ſuch an averſion for him, that ſhe felt joy ſpringing up in her boſom on her being made priſoner by Alcander. That joy was greatly increaſed by his carriage to her; for with as much politeneſs in his manners as her Perſian lover had diſcovered, he ſhewed himſelf to be a man of a very different turn, a turn which prevented her from being alarmed on account of her virtue. Alcander, indeed, was not leſs ſenſible of her perſonal attractions than Harpagus had been; but as he had no diſhonourable points to carry, his deportment, if not ſo inſinuating as that of her Perſian admirer, was far more ſatisfactory.

Celimene, tranſported to find in her deliverer (for in that light ſhe looked upon Alcander) a man who, while he appeared tranſported with her beauty, behaved alſo with a reſpectfulneſs which ſeemed to ariſe from the operation of a laudable paſſion, and not aſſumed with a deſign to draw her into a criminal connection, felt herſelf as happy as ſhe could be in a ſtate of ſeparation from a father whom ſhe loved with the ſincereſt filial affection; and her Grecian

lover

lover made her ſtill more happy, by aſſuring her that he would do all in his power, on his return to Athens, to find him out, that he might partake of the felicity which he promiſed himſelf by her acceptance of his hand, heart, and fortune.

Soon after this event, Cephiſus, having received diſpatches from Athens, relating to the unexpected conduct of a man in whom he had—preſuming too much upon his inſight into characters—placed too much confidence, begged leave of Miltiades to withdraw himſelf from the camp; and his requeſt was readily granted. As a ſoldier, indeed, he removed himſelf not without ſome reluctance; but as he had ſufficiently proved his valour againſt the enemies of his country, he was willing to hope that the deeds he had done would preclude any conſtructions, upon his ſudden return to Athens, injurious to his military reputation.

It was not, however, on account of ſuch conſtructions only, that he felt diſquiet at his being ſummoned from the field of war, to make his appearance in the field of litigation. At the moment he ſaw his brother's beautiful captive, he felt an unuſual commotion in his breaſt; and as that commotion grew more violent every time he beheld her, he not only began to wiſh to have her in his own poſſeſſion, but to lay ſchemes for the gratification of

his

his amorous deſires. His boſom no longer throbbed with that kind of fraternal love, by which it had before been animated. Celimene's beauties, beyond expreſſion, and not to be reſiſted, ſeparated the brother from the man, and he now, in the character of a rival, thought of nothing but how to win the heart of the Perſian priſoner, how to get her perſon into his power. His efforts to win were ſeducing, but they were unſucceſsful: ſhe had no eyes, no ears for Alcander; and he, tranſported at the double conqueſt he had gained, undeſignedly, becauſe unſuſpectingly, increaſed the flame which love had kindled in his brother's breaſt by his rapturous effuſions. Fortunately, as Cephiſus thought, while he was preparing to return to his native city, Celimene was attacked with a diſorder which, though not of an alarming nature, had ſuch an effect upon her ſpirits, that Alcander imagined ſhe would be more happily ſituated, at that time, with ſome of his female relations at Athens, than with him, amidſt the clamours and buſtle of a camp, and therefore propoſed to her a removal with Cephiſus; and ſhe, having no objection to him as a fellow-traveller, with the more readineſs conſented, as Alcander aſſured her, repeatedly, that he would follow her as ſoon as he poſſibly could, without fixing a ſtain upon his honour as a ſoldier, and complete the

happineſs

happineſs he had already enjoyed with her, by attending her to the Temple of Hymen.

Having no ſuſpicions with regard to his brother's paſſion for Celimene, and having the higheſt idea of his integrity in every reſpect; he committed her to his care with the greateſt ſatisfaction. Their adieus were the tendereſt to be conceived, and the feelings of Celimene upon the occaſion may be more eaſily imagined than deſcribed.

Celimene, with her head and her heart full of Alcander, paid little attention to Cephiſus during her journey under his protection, but behaved to him with a proper civility whenever he addreſſed himſelf to her. Many were the compliments which he paid to her beauty, though directed to her in the moſt artful manner; but ſhe was not ſufficiently moved by them, to inſpire him with any hopes of her changing the object of her affection in his favour. The firſt accounts which Alcander received from Cephiſus relating to Celimene, were very pleaſing, as they informed him of the full recovery of her health: but he ſoon received others of a diſagreeable nature. Cephiſus, though he had vainly endeavoured to alienate Celimene's affections from his brother during her journey, did not entirely give up all hopes of ſucceſs after his arrival at Athens; but finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at laſt de-

termined to render her an object of deteſtation in the eyes of Alcander, who would not look upon himſelf in the wiſhed-for light: accordingly he ſent from time to time intelligence to his brother, concerning her behaviour, which made him extremely uneaſy, as it gave him too much reaſon to ſuſpect her fidelity to him. Not willing, however, to credit the information he received from Athens, relating to her conduct, he procured permiſſion of Miltiades to return, and ſet out from the Grecian camp in a ſtate of mind not eaſily to be expreſſed.

Cephiſus, having been appriſed of Alcander's departure from the army, prepared new forgeries againſt Celimene, and with them in his hand received him on his approach to his own houſe, without giving himſelf time to change his military dreſs.

"If you have any doubts remaining," ſaid he to him, "concerning Celimene's inconſtancy, theſe "papers (preſenting them to him) will confirm all "I have advanced—with the greateſt reluctance "you may be aſſured,—(added he, with an affected "ſorrow) as I have taken no ſmall pains to convince "her of the ingratitude of her behaviour." Alcander at firſt ſtarted back, as if fearful of receiving a confirmation of what his brother had, in ſucceſſive diſpatches, urged againſt the idol of his heart; but at length, from a deſire to be thoroughly convinced

of

of her inconſtancy, before he totally abandoned her, he took the papers which related to her, read them, and was almoſt diſtracted with the peruſal. After having lamented the deſertion of the firſt woman for whom he had felt the tendereſt of ſenſations, he accompanied his brother to the place where Celimene, he ſaid, entirely regardleſs of him, was engaged with her new lover; and he ſaw her there, indeed, with a nobleman who was, he knew, remarkable for his diſhonourable connections with the fair ſex. Almoſt petrified at the ſight, he could not at firſt utter a ſyllable. When he recovered himſelf a little, he left the ſpot overwhelmed with grief, as he really loved her to an extreme.

To his unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, ſoon after he returned to his own houſe, the noble Athenian, whom he had ſeen with his fair captive, made him a viſit, and after having told him he was the happieſt man in Athens, to be loved by ſuch a woman as Celimene, gave him ſo favourable an account of her behaviour, and made ſuch diſcoveries with regard to the conduct of Cephiſus, that he was at once charmed with the conſtancy of his miſtreſs, and ſhocked at the more than duplicity, the infamous attempts of his brother to ſeduce her from the paths of honour eſpecially as he knew that ſhe was, though not actually, yet virtually his wife. By the diſcoveries

which Arcas made, Alcander found that Cephiſus, not being able to prevail on Celimene to be falſe, had thrown him in her way, at a time when he thought his interview with her would have the moſt ſuſpicious appearance: but he, to his great ſatisfaction, found alſo that Arcas, being ſtruck at the firmneſs of her carriage to him, upon his taking ſteps not to be juſtified by the rules of honour, had repented of the inſolence of his deportment, and revering that virtue which he could not ſhake, nad reſolved to make a free confeſſion of his own precipitation, in conſequence of the encouragement he had received from the diſappointed Cephiſus.

Reſtored to all his former tranquillity by this unexpected viſit, Alcander haſtened to the place which he had not long before quitted, truly diſtreſſed.

Celimene, upon his appearance, (for ſhe had not ſeen him till then, as he was concealed in another apartment) flew to his arms, in a manner which convinced him that all the ſtories he had heard againſt her were void of truth; and he embraced her moſt tenderly in return. The firſt effuſions between them were ſcarcely articulate.

Upon ſuch occaſions, however, the language of love, if it is not intelligible, is exquiſitely delightful. It would be needleſs, ſurely, to add, that after this happy meeting, Alcander and Celimene had their felicity

felicity compleated by Hymen. They were indeed, in a few days, united by the ſtrongeſt bands, and they did not, during a long union, ever wiſh to break them.

---

AN ADDRESS

## TO THE SETTING SUN.

PARENT of Beauty! oft as I behold
The veil of evening thy reſplendence ſhroud,
See thee empurple yon ſlow-ſailing cloud,
And o'er the ocean ſhow'r a paler gold;

And from this height diſcern a deeper hue
Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnet's ſtay,
Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
And mark the rock-roſe droop beneath the dew.

The grandeur of *his* powerful hand I own,
Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,
And bids thee in the zenith radiant ſhine:
But when from weſtern ſkies thy beauty flows,
His mercy in thy ſoften'd ſplendour glows,
And fills my penſive ſoul with love divine!

TIME.

# TIME.

HOW ſpeedily will the conſummation of all things commence! for yet a very little while, and the commiſſioned Arch-Angel lifts up his hand to heaven, and ſwears by the ALMIGHTY name, that "*Time ſhall be no longer.*" Then abuſed opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then ſhould negligent mortals wiſh ever ſo paſſionately for a few hours,—a few moments only,—to be thrown back from the opening eternity; thouſands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

A wiſe man counts his minutes. He lets no time ſlip, for time is life; which he makes long, by the good huſbandry, by a right uſe, and application of it.

"Make the moſt of your minutes," ſays Aurelius, "and be good for ſomething while you can."

Know the true value of time, ſnatch, ſeize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleneſs, no lazineſs, no procraſtination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

We ſhould read over our lives as well as books; take a ſurvey of our actions, and make an inſpection into the diviſion of our time. King Alfred (that truly

truly great and wiſe monarch) is recorded to have divided the day and night into three parts: eight hours he allotted to eat and ſleep in, eight for buſineſs and recreation, and eight he dedicated to ſtudy and prayer.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our right uſe of it, making that a burthen which was given for a bleſſing, is ſtrange infatuation.

Time is what we want moſt, but what we uſe worſt; for which we muſt all account, when time ſhall be no more. There is but little need to drive away that time by fooliſh divertiſements, which flies away ſo ſwiftly of itſelf, and, when once gone, can never be recalled.

An idle perſon is a kind of monſter in the creation; all nature is buſy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themſelves. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures, who can apply themſelves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of uſeful books; who may exerciſe themſelves in the purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer and better.

Should the greateſt part of the people ſit down, and draw a particular account of their time, what a ſhameful

ſhameful bill would it be! So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and ſleeping, beyond what nature requires; ſo much in revelling and wantonneſs; ſo much for the recovery of laſt night's intemperance; ſo much for gaming, plays, and maſquerades; ſo much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent viſits, in idle and fooliſh prating, in cenſuring and reviling our neighbours; ſo much in dreſſing and talking of faſhions; and ſo much loſt and waſted in doing nothing.

There is no man but hath a ſoul; and, if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of buſineſs. Where there are ſo many corruptions to mortify, ſo many inclinations to watch over, ſo many temptations to reſiſt, the graces of God to improve, and former neglects of all theſe to lament, ſure he can never want ſufficient employment. For all theſe require time, and ſo men at their death find; for thoſe who have lived careleſsly, and waſted their time, would then give their all to redeem it.

It was a memorable practice of Veſpaſian, through the whole courſe of his life, he called himſelf to an account every night for the actions of the paſt day, and ſo often as he found he had ſkipped any one day without doing ſome good, he entered upon his diary this memorial, "*I have loſt a day.*"

If

If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not uſing it, there might be ſome excuſe for the idleneſs of half the world,—but yet not a full one;—for even this would be ſuch an œconomy, as the living on a principal ſum, without making it purchaſe intereſt.

Time is one of the moſt precious jewels which we poſſeſs; but its true value is ſeldom known till it is near a cloſe, and when it is not in our power to redeem it. The right improvement of time is of the greateſt conſequence to mankind. The preſent moment is only ours. The preſent moment calls for diſpatch; and, if neglected, it is a great chance if ever we get another opportunity. To-day we live, to-morrow we may die. Beſides, we have a great work to do, and an appointed time in which it muſt be done. The uncertainty of this time adds much to its brevity; the velocity of it urges its improvements the more. Seneca obſerves, "We all "complain of the ſhortneſs of time, but ſpend it in "ſuch a manner as if we had too much."

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the uſe which has been made of it. It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the eſtate. Wretched and thoughtleſs creatures! in the only place where covetouſneſs were a virtue, we turn prodigals!

prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with ſuch uneaſineſs, nor has there been ſo many devices for any one thing, as to make time glide away imperceptibly, and to no purpoſe. A ſhilling ſhall be hoarded up with care, whilſt that which is above the price of an eſtate is flung away with diſregard and contempt.

---

## ANECDOTE
### OF
## DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE Doctor, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea inſtead of a ſhilling, and, with great conſiſtency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar, to find the coachman again, by the deſcription of his perſon. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had ſoon the ſatisfaction to be informed he was a very honeſt man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. "Well," ſays the Doctor, "I am going to dine at the Devil "with my friend Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Stevens: if "he

" he ſhould come before ſix o'clock, ſend him to " me." The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below ſtairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely deſcanted on the ſingular honeſty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary ſubſcription from the company of about nine ſhillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand with many encomiums on his honeſty; at the ſame time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he ſlipped into his pocket; on turning to go up ſtairs, however, the honeſt hack-driver modeſtly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine ſhillings being given as a reward for his honeſty, his fare was not included. " Right," cries the Doctor; " there is " a ſhilling for thee, my lad."—' God bleſs your ' honour,' returned John; ' I ſee you know how ' to conſider a poor man.' Then artfully dropping, that, though poor, he was honeſt; yet, God knew, he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family ſickneſs, and the dearneſs of proviſions: this melted the Doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, deſiring he would then go about his buſineſs, leſt

he

he ſhould take the ſilver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himſelf fully ſatisfied; and with many ſcrapes and bows took his leave. The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with ſo favourable an opportunity to reward honeſty, and to indulge his natural propenſity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was diſcovered, when, the reckoning being called for, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to diſcharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of ſilver gilt, was worth juſt eight-pence halfpenny.

## ANECDOTE OF DENNIS.

THE extravagant and enthuſiaſtick opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Aſſerted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were ſome ſtrokes in it ſo ſevere upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven;

forgiven; and conſequently, that Louis XIV. would not conſent to a peace with England, unleſs he was delivered up as a ſacrifice to national reſentment. Nay, ſo far did he carry this apprehenſion, that, when the Congreſs for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his intereſt with the Plenipotentiaries, that they ſhould not conſent to his being given up. The Duke, however, with great gravity, told him, "That he was ſorry it was not in his power to ſerve "him, as he really had no intereſt with any of the "Miniſters at that time;" but added, that he fancied his caſe not to be quite ſo deſperate as he ſeemed to imagine; for that indeed, he had taken no care to get himſelf excepted in the articles of peace; and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almoſt as much damage as Mr. Dennis himſelf.—Another effect of this apprehenſion prevailing with him, is told as follows:—That being invited down to a gentleman's houſe on the coaſt of Suſſex, where he had been very kindly entertained for ſome time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he ſaw a ſhip ſailing, as he imagined, toward him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the beſt of his way to London, without even taking leave of

his

his hoſt, who had been ſo civil to him; but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his houſe only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a veſſel on purpoſe to carry him off, if he had not luckily diſcovered their deſign.

---

## EPISTLE

FROM

## MATTHEW SHORE TO JANE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BEFORE HE LEFT THE KINGDOM.

---

TO thee, my fair, whom now the court attends,
Thy mournful, ſad, diſtracted huſband ſends;
Oh! on his tears, that drop at every word,
Some pity let his gentle Jane afford;
Before he quite deſpair, aſſuage his pain,
Nor let him ſigh, nor let him pray in vain.
*Wainſtead!* dear name, that to my mem'ry brings
A thouſand ſoft, a thouſand tender things;
Thy virgin ſmiles, thy dear reſiſtleſs grace,
And all the wounding ſweetneſs of thy face;
Thoſe happy times of kind enjoyment paſt,
Which once I vainly thought would ever laſt:

What

What cruel fiend, to all our peace a foe,
In death delighting, proud to overthrow,
Could tempt thee to forget thy rightful lord,
And fall in vices you ſo late abhorr'd?
Alas! 'twas dazzling pomp ſubdu'd thy fears,
Thy ſtruggling virtue, and thy conſcious tears.
But when I led thee to the ſacred ſhrine,
And every holy vow confirm'd thee mine,
Then all around us could dire omens ſee,
But I was blind to every thing but thee:
Our kindred's vault ſent forth a mournful ſound!
Thrice dropt the nuptial ring, and ran along the ground!
Pale prieſts aghaſt the ſweating rood ſurvey'd!
And every look unuſual fears betray'd;
A ſudden gloom o'er-ſhadow'd all the place,
And tears amidſt my joy prophan'd my face.
This ſaw our friends, who all preferr'd this prayer,
" Heav'n ſhield from future woes the tender pair."
But ah! that pray'r could ne'er the clouds ſurpaſs,
The winds diſpers'd it, or the ſkies were braſs;
For all the ſtorms theſe portents cou'd foretell,
Burſt o'er my head, and ſorrows daily ſwell:
Raving I ſee thee plac'd to ſhine above,
With ſmiles reflecting EDWARD's guilty love;
Myſelf, while thee ſuch pageantry ſurrounds,
Forgot, tho' bleeding at a thouſand wounds;

And

And theſe reflections make me loath the light
That cheers the day, the watches of the night.
In fruitleſs ſighs and ſilent thought I ſpend,
For Somnus never ſhall my ſoul befriend;
But when his downy wings are o'er me ſpread,
Vain dreams inhabit my diſorder'd head:
Stretch'd on a bank of flow'rs methinks I lie
In calm repoſe, beneath a purple ſky;
No noiſe is heard, no rude re-murmuring rill,
The woods' wild race, and all the winds are ſtill;
'Tis then ſome flute (far off) awakes my pain,
While ſoft and ſweet is ſung this pleaſing ſtrain:
(My lovely JANE advancing to my ſide,
Her charms all ſwelling to their native pride,
Her graceful locks and garments all unloos'd,
Her breaſts, and every wond'rous charm, expos'd)
" Lift up thy ſtreaming eyes, now ceaſe to mourn,
" Behold thy fondeſt wiſh—thy JANE, return;
" Her the kind Gods on thee again beſtows,
" To crown thy mighty love, and end thy woes."
The golden dream my joyful ſoul deceives,
And for one kind embrace a thouſand lives I'd give,
Elate I ſtrive to catch my beauteous fair,
But ah! I graſp uncorporeal air;
Then ſwells my heart, and pain obſtructs my breath,
I wake to weep, and wiſh in vain for death;

I riſe,

I riſe, and wandering ſeek to find relief,
Mourn to the winds, and tell the ſtars my grief.
O! then my Wife, the ſofteſt, deareſt name
A feeling heart can give, or love can claim,
Hear me complain, for once my ſorrow know,
And feel my wrongs, for 'tis a debt you owe;
For you, my fair, whenever you complain'd,
Theſe arms enfolded, and this breaſt ſuſtain'd;
The rugged road of life for you I ſmooth'd,
Drank all your tears, your griefs with kiſſes ſooth'd,
Your gentle ſoul to peaceful ſlumbers ſung,
And o'er your ſleep with watchful fondneſs hung.
Thy cauſeleſs flight hath ruin'd thy good name,
Broke all thy vows, and fill'd my face with ſhame,
My heart with deepeſt woe, my eyes with tears,
Thy friends and parents with diſtracting fears:
O! would'ſt thou come, and hear our mournful tale,
See how we 're chang'd! how ſorrowful! how pale!
Thy tender breaſt would ſtrong relentings find,
For thou waſt always pitiful and kind.
O! leave the court before the ſtorm is nigh,
Thy ſtars may frown, or England's king may die;
Heaven, to avenge my cauſe, may wrath employ,
Envy prevail, or jealouſy deſtroy:
Think—EDWARD has a queen—(alas! for ſhe
One tear ſhall fall conſtrain'd by ſympathy)

To her alone are his embraces due,
That love is ſinful he extends on you;
Ponder what rage in her this muſt create,
O! heav'n for ever ſave thee from her hate,
And ſoon reſtore thee to my longing heart:
O! come, the thought doth extacies impart,
No murmur ſhall be heard, no tear be ſeen,
Nor whiſper ſay how cruel thou haſt been.
But this our fates deny, O! cruel fate!
For thou wilt live ador'd in regal ſtate,
Know all the pleaſures that from pomp can ſpring,
The envy'd darling of a mighty king;
But if, when years are o'er, thy pomp and power
Remain the ſame, if then ſome midnight hour,
In thought's revolving glaſs ſhall calmly ſhow
Thee fortunes paſt, and ſeaſons long ago,
Griefs, joys, compaſſions, thro' thy mind ſhall roll,
And if, in the reflections of thy ſoul,
(With pleaſure cloy'd, and ſinking into reſt)
One tender thought of me ſhall fill thy breaſt,
How once I lov'd and left my native home,
Prompt by deſpair thro' the wide world to roam,
Think then thou ſeeſt me on ſome ſtormy coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and by ſurges toſt;
Or pale and breathleſs on ſome ſhore unknown,
And for the faithful love that I have ſhown;

Tho'

(Tho' folded in a ſleeping king's embrace)
A tear ſhall trickle down thy lovely face.
Too late thou mayſt the cruel wrongs deplore
Of thy unhappy huſband—MATTHEW SHORE.

---

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS

### MADE UPON OUR MINDS

BY

## STORIES OF APPARITIONS.

—A Houſe haunted—the inhabitants frightened—and a ghoſt rattling his chains, *are* circumſtances that are conſtantly reiterated to us in our infancy, and that makes ſuch an impreſſion upon our minds, as is extremely difficult to eradicate. The moſt rational men of all nations have agreed in diſbelieving ſtories of this ſort, which appear only the effects of fancy, and cannot be defended from the principles of religion, reaſon, or philoſophy. They were firſt invented, perhaps, from a pious intention to keep mankind in awful reverence of heaven, and to affix a thorough belief of a future ſtate.

Among the many extravagant opinions which, in religious matters, have been entertained in the world,

the *mortality of the ſoul* was a doctrine that was ſufficiently prevalent in the days of Tully, to oblige him to a declaration of his own ſentiments on that head. He ſays, " *Neque enim aſſentior iis, qui hæc* " *nuper aſſerere cœperunt, cum corporibus ſimul ani-* " *mas interire, atque omnia morte deleri.*" 'I cannot agree with thoſe, who have lately begun to 'aſſert that our ſouls periſh with our bodies, and 'that death deſtroys all our faculties.' Bold and uncommon aſſertions are too often received with applauſe; but an aſſertion of this kind takes away the moſt comfortable proſpect that human nature is capable of enjoying. It encourages the moſt impious practices that can be deviſed, and it imprints an idea of the Supreme Being abſolutely repugnant to the wiſdom, benignity, and goodneſs, that ſo viſibly diſplay themſelves throughout the works of the creation. It is impoſſible, indeed, to join with Pliny in the credit he gives to fabulous accounts of ghoſts and preternatural apparitions: on the other hand, it is equally impoſſible to conceive that our ſoul periſhes entirely, and after a ſevere trial of threeſcore or fourſcore years, moulders, like our body, into duſt. We perceive in ourſelves, and in all our ſpecies, a natural deſire of complete and perfect happineſs. Every action of our lives tends to this ultimate end. Our thoughts and faculties are

conſtantly

conſtantly employed to this particular purpoſe. We exert ambition, we purſue riches and honours, we form friendſhips and alliances, always with a view of poſſeſſing one certain particular ſituation, which exiſts only in our own thoughts, and cannot be found on this ſide of the grave. But ſince none of the effects of nature are formed in vain, and ſince all other beings, mankind excepted, enjoy benefits ſufficient and ſatisfactory to their natural appetites, it is far from a preſumption to believe that the ALMIGHTY cannot have implanted this natural deſire ſo ſtrongly in all the ſons of Adams, without having allotted a proper and agreeable ſatisfaction for it: that ſatisfaction, we muſt confeſs, is not attainable within the limits of this world. Our moſt reaſonable inference then is, to conclude, that it may be appropriated to a future ſtate.

## THE DREAM.

I Went to bed one night full of ſuch thoughts and reflections as are naturally ſuggeſted to a conſiderate being, by a retroſpect of our paſt lives; which altogether wrought ſo upon my mind, that blending

blending itſelf inſenſibly with ſleep, it formed the following viſion:—

Methought I was inſtantly conveyed and ſet down in a place that my eye ſaw no end to. I looked on one ſide of me, and obſerved a gate of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, the parts that compoſed it were as fine as threads, and a child might have opened it, had it not been guarded by two very powerful, but beautiful figures, whoſe names I found to be PROVIDENCE and RELIGION. I ſaw in letters of gold written over it, "THE GATE OF LIFE." I turned myſelf from this gate to look forward, and ſee what was to be done, when all at once I found myſelf very much dwindled in form and apprehenſion, ſuitable to a child of about ſeven or eight years old. I was quite charmed, however, with the endleſs variety I ſaw before me, hills, dales, woods, rivers, plains riſing in proſpect one above another.

I wandered with this playful fancy into the firſt path that preſented itſelf, where I met with vaſt numbers of my own age conducted by governeſſes of very different diſpoſitions; ſome of theſe little companions beat me, becauſe I happened to gather flowers they were not able to find; others, who were dreſſed very fine, ſeemed to pity me for wearing plain clothes, and for having what they fancied a poor name and no governeſs.

As

As I wandered farther into this path, I ſaw a lovely woman approaching towards me, ſhe was dreſſed in a long white robe, and a veil which almoſt entirely hid all her beauty, ſave what the ſporting of a breeze diſcovered. Every body (for there were multitudes of people in the place) ſtrove to ſee as much of her as they could; old and young preſſed forward to look at her; whilſt ſhe, unmindful of them all, regarded nothing but the flowers, me, and my companions; this ſweet perſon's name was SIMPLICITY. I muſt own I felt a pleaſure not to be equalled when ſhe took me by the hand, and ſeeing me without a guide, promiſed to conduct me for as long a time as I choſe, or for ever. I made no ſcruple to reſign myſelf to her direction: as there is no accounting for the workings of a dream, or any unity of time or place preſerved in them, I cannot pretend to ſay how it was that I felt my ſtature and reaſon increaſing, as I had before felt them diminiſh. I was employing myſelf in ſuch taſks as my governeſs had allotted me, when a venerable perſon accoſted me, telling me, that ſhe was going to make a trial of that wiſdom, that it was whiſpered about by my companions I was poſſeſſed of; that her name was EXPERIENCE; that ſhe would be of more uſe to me in the path I had entered, than any perſon I could meet with; that if I ſlighted her I

ſhould

ſhould bitterly repent it; and that though my governeſs was very amiable, and well-meaning, yet ſhe was apt to lead people aſtray. As this addreſs was delivered with ſome little ſeverity, and at the ſame time reflected on my fair conductreſs, I gave no heed to it. A beautiful, blooming, tall figure of a man, who they told me was YOUTH, put a bandage over my eyes, and I ſaw my ſage adviſer no more.

The breezes of pleaſure whiſtled in my ears; I went on ſwiftly, happy enough with SIMPLICITY at my ſide; ſhe introduced me to AFFECTION, who embraced me with looks of bewitching tenderneſs; and entertained me with nothing but diſcourſes of love and friendſhip. But as I advanced, I began to recollect the words of EXPERIENCE, and to wiſh I had paid a little more attention to her; for I found that both SIMPLICITY and her companion AFFECTION, were confoundedly miſtaken in the perſons they met with. They preſented me in one day CIVILITY for ESTEEM, OBSTINACY for PERSEVERANCE and EXTRAVAGANCE for GENEROSITY. I found out afterwards, that they had induſtriouſly kept me in the moſt retired windings of this vaſt place, leſt I ſhould meet with EXPERIENCE, and ſo leave them; which whenever I ſpoke of, AFFECTION, who was infinitely enchanting, clung round me, proteſting ſhe would never leave me wherever I went. I found it very

difficult

difficult to get from either of theſe companions, though they were perpetually involving me in ſome misfortune. I ſometimes thought I would endeavour to go back and find EXPERIENCE, but in eſſaying ſo to do, I found I had not the power to tread one ſtep over again that I had already come.

Whilſt I was in this cruel dilemma, I ſaw a tall figure that almoſt frightened me, he was called ADVICE; he had ſeveral heads and as many mouths, that were always talking, and contradicting each other; at times I thought I had heard ſome things that would prove for my advantage to follow; but before I could put it in practice, another of the heads told me ſomething elſe; and PRUDENCE, who was very partial to this monſter, ſtood by me, and intreated me to liſten to all he ſaid. I was not likely to reap much benefit from it, from the reaſons I have related. Meantime my favourite guides SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION, who never left me for a moment, pointed to the Temple of Hymen, where I ſaw ſeveral votaries entering in all the extacy of youthful happineſs and joy. I ſaw them all go in; and though I was ſenſible they could not return again by the way that they went, yet AFFECTION told me, there were large and ample fields for me to range in if I would try them.

A young

A young man whom AFFECTION preſented to me, and who ſwore everlaſting love, took me by the hand, and led me, or rather dragged me towards the temple; and though PRUDENCE and ADVICE roared aloud for me to come back, and conſider, I hurried on, regardleſs of all they could ſay to me. AFFECTION and SIMPLICITY ſaid they were two ſevere people, who thought of money only, and offered themſelves to be my bride-maids. I entered into this place of irrevocable doom, and ſaw nothing formidable enough to make me repent. I parted with LIBERTY, who had been one of my conſtant companions, at the door, without a ſigh; who let drop a tear as he fled away, ſaying, which I did not know before, "That I had treated him better than "moſt people he had ever attended." After I had been ſome time in the groves of MARRIAGE, I met with troops of new acquaintance; CARE and his numerous family were continually viſiting me, nor did they keep away at all the more for my ſeeming not to admire their company. SICKNESS, a fell monſter, kept me chained to my bed for a conſiderable time, and almoſt baffled the ſtrength of MEDICINE and PATIENCE, two very powerful giants, to overcome him. In ſhort, I ſaw SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION hang down their heads with ſorrow, for the miſchiefs they had unwittingly brought upon me.

me. Time ſtole away imperceptibly, and having overcome ſome of theſe difficulties, REFLECTION ſtood before me, and at her right hand I perceived my old friend EXPERIENCE, that had ſo friendly offered me her aſſiſtance in my earlier days, and whoſe advice I had ſo thoughtleſsly abandoned, becauſe it did not juſt then agree with my inclinations, and for which I had bitterly ſuffered. I burſt into tears at the ſight of her, and felt violent, but unavailing perturbations of heart. "Why, O EXPERIENCE!" ſaid I, "were you ſo cruel as to leave me to ſuch "weak guides as you know I had with me, who "were blind themſelves, and could ill teach me to "diſcern plainly? what had I done that you gave "me up ſo ſoon? I have known ſome whom you "have cloſely followed, not older than I was, and "who have always partaken of your favours." 'The reaſon of that,' ſays this accompliſhed matron, 'is that I was well acquainted with their parents, and 'uſed to attend them from infants: and now,' returned ſhe, pointing to a pair of lovely girls, whom MARRIAGE had given me, 'I have taught you a 'leſſon; you know me well now, though ſomewhat 'too late for your happineſs; I will make amends 'by my vigilance in favour of your offſpring.'

I ran to throw my girls at her feet, with ſuch violence and joy, that I awoke, and found that all this while I had been faſt aſleep in my own bed-chamber.

# WINTER.

## A POEM.

STERN Winter ſhews his hoary form,
Dark clouds involve the ſky;
The plains beneath the ruthleſs ſtorm
In wild confuſion lye.

The ſtreams are bound in icy chains,
The birds forget the lay;
And while this ſolemn ſeaſon reigns,
The night ſurpaſſes day.

The rural walks, and ſhady bowers,
Alas! give no delight;
And tedious lag the lingering hours,
Retarded in their flight.

The gardens yield a fainting blaze,
Diveſt of every flow'r;
And Phœbus darts oblique his rays,
With faint and languid pow'r.

Tho' Nature ſeems to make a pauſe,
And propagation ſtop;
Unſeen to man by ſecret laws,
Prepares the future crop.

But bleſt with Phœbe's lovely ſmile,
I brumal cares defy;
While fancy wafts me to that iſle,
Crown'd with an azure ſky.

For ſhe's the ſun of all my bliſs,
Her preſence gives me joy;
What pleaſure when ſhe grants the kiſs,
Reluctant, ſeeming coy.

She often bids her Jemmy think,
The near approach of May
Will bring him to the very brink
Of wedlock's happy day.

Then ſummer's beauties will return,
And bloom afreſh in ſpring;
What reaſon then has man to mourn?
Much rather let him ſing.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE following anecdote of Sir Iſaac Newton ſhews an amiable ſimplicity in that great man, and proves his inattention to worldly affairs.

One

One of his philoſophical friends abroad had ſent him a curious *priſm*, which was taken to the Cuſtom-houſe, and was at that time a ſcarce commodity in this kingdom. Sir Iſaac, laying claim to it, was aſked by the officers what the value of the glaſs was, that they might accordingly regulate the duty. The great Newton, whoſe buſineſs was more with the univerſe, than with duties and draw-backs, and who rated the *priſm* according to his own idea of its uſe and excellence, anſwered, "That the value was ſo "great, he could not aſcertain it." Being again preſſed to ſet ſome fixed eſtimate upon it, he perſiſted in his reply, "that he could not ſay what was "its worth, for that the value was ineſtimable." The honeſt Cuſtom-houſe officers accordingly took him at his word, and made him pay a moſt exorbitant duty for the *priſm*, which he might have taken away, upon only paying a rate according to the weight of the glaſs.

ANECDOTE

## ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

THE late Mr. Shenſtone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia: (her real name was Wilmot:) they were going towards the bower which he made ſacred to the aſhes of Thomſon. "Would to heaven," ſaid he pointing to the trees, "that Delia could be "happy in the midſt of theſe ruſtic avenues!" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A perſon ruſhed out of a thicket, and, preſenting a piſtol to his breaſt, demanded his money. Shenſtone was ſurpriſed, and Delia fainted. "Money," ſays he, "is not worth ſtruggling for: you cannot be poorer "than I am. Unhappy man!" ſays he, throwing him his purſe, "take it, and fly as quick as poſſible." The man did ſo. He threw his piſtol into the water, and in a moment diſappeared. Shenſtone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to purſue the robber at a diſtance, and obſerve whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned and informed his maſter, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his houſe, and peeped through the key-hole; that, as ſoon as the man entered, he threw the purſe

on

on the ground, and addreſſing himſelf to his wife, 'Take,' ſays he, 'the dear-bought price of my 'honeſty:' then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he ſaid to them, 'I have ruined my ſoul 'to keep you from ſtarving;' and immediately burſt into a flood of tears. This tale of diſtreſs greatly affected Shenſtone. He inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honeſt and induſtrious; but oppreſſed by want and a numerous family. He went to his houſe, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenſtone carried him home, to aſſiſt at the buildings and other improvements, which made himſelf ſo poor; and when Shenſtone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

HE remained ever faithful to his ſovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guiſe wiſhed to attach him to his party.

Harlay

Harley replied, "That the rule of his conduct "ſhould be the ſervice of the king, and the good "of the ſtate; and that he would ſooner die than "depart from it."

The party of the league had him arreſted and put into the Baſtile. On entering that horrid fortreſs, he ſaid theſe remarkable words: "It is a "great pity, when the ſervant is able to diſmiſs the "maſter. My ſoul is God's, my heart is my ſo-"vereign's, and my body is in the hand of violence, "to do with it what it pleaſeth."

---

ON

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love's the moſt tender paſſion of the mind,
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguarded youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth.
Heav'n in our cup this cordial drop has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

HOW few know in what happineſs conſiſts, or, knowing, purſue the means to attain it! Riches, ambition, and diſſipation, delude mankind

in general into a vain reſearch after happineſs; while reciprocal Love, the genuine and only ſource of earthly felicity, is regarded merely as a matter of convenience, and as it may aſſiſt in the favourite purſuit of thoſe imaginary enjoyments, wealth, vain aſpiring pride, and laſciviouſneſs. What can the miſer's wealth,—what the power of the ſtateſman,—what the vices of the diſſolute,—beſtow of pleaſure comparable to that of a heart happy in a mutual paſſion, conſcious of loving, and ſure of being beloved?—not half ſo anxious to procure happineſs to itſelf, as to communicate it to the dear object of its affections.

See how the many, who hunt after riches, loſe the end in the means! for they purſue an object which flies before them in proportion as they haſten to overtake it, and to what purpoſe have they, during that purſuit, fled from real joys,—denied themſelves the comforts, and barely exiſted by the neceſſaries of life, but to know an anxiety in preſerving, equal to the pain of amaſſing their treaſure?

Behold by what painful ſteps the ſon of ambition aſcends to power! Every virtue muſt give way, every vice be aſſumed, as occaſions require, and purpoſes demand. Every connection that blood or friendſhip has created, every ſentiment that honour has nurſed, muſt give place to circumſpection, time-

ſervice,

ſervice, cringing and lying. Behold him, by theſe meritorious acts, arrived at the ſummit, and wantoning in the full poſſeſſion of power!—Yet, at the end of his hopes, he finds himſelf farther from the goal of his wiſhes than ever. For, alas! in the crowd of his attendants, HAPPINESS, which alone he ſought after, alone is abſent, and coyly diſdains to yield up her charms to all the allurements that fortune can laviſh; but inſtead of that lovely cherub, he finds the *fury* CARE approach nearer and nearer every ſtep he mounts,—hover round the gilded roof,—follow in the ſhining train,—haunt him in the feaſts of the ſumptuous, in the aſſembly of the ſplendid; nor fly before the aſſiduity of dependants, the fawning of the courtiers, and the ſmiles of a monarch;—till unable longer to bear the hiſſing of the ſnakes, he, with tranſport, undoes the work of a life,—throws from him the cumberſome ſtate he at ſuch a rate had acquired; and, deſpairing of happineſs, barters his ambition for quiet. Then, in the ſhade of retirement, mourns that he never had known wherein conſiſted the bleſſings of life, till it was too late to enjoy them.

Behold the Libertine, like a ſteed whom no friendly rein conſtrains, ſets out in his precipitate courſe, indulging every paſſion, gratifying every ſenſe;—not once inclining his ear to liſten to the calls of reaſon,

that inceſſantly warn him of his folly and danger!—His outſet too furious to laſt, ſee how he ſtops ſhort in the middle of his career; his fortune diſſipated, his morals ſapped, and his vigour of youth blaſted; then ſtruggling with poverty, he drags along his miſerable remains of life, whilſt his dreams of happineſs are converted into vain reſearches after momentary relief from pain, and even his wiſhes for eaſe diſappointed by the upbraidings of conſcience.

Should we not then be warned to caution by the danger of others; and while it is in our power, while no falſe allurements have ſeduced us, while roſy Hebe attends to beſtow her bleſſing, ſeek happineſs where alone it is to be found? In Love, where happineſs is the end, and pleaſure the means, much perſuaſion cannot be neceſſary. No thorny paths affright the tender traveller, but flowers deck the ground:—fragrance breathes in the air, and muſic enchants in every tree, that adorns the delightful paſſage to this habitation of the happy. There youth is waſted in raptures which it only can taſte, and love only can beſtow. There, when the blaze ſubſides into the gentle flame,—when age has mellowed paſſion into friendſhip,—the eve of life is paſſed in that ſweet ſatisfaction, which they only enjoy who can reflect with pleaſure on the paſt. But, alas! now-a-days too oft we ſee parents ſacri-

fice

fice their children to mercenary views, and alienate their affections from the only perſon who, perhaps, could make them happy. To this too frequent, unparental cuſtom, are we indebted for the many unhappy families with which this kingdom abounds. It is, doubtleſs, the immediate duty of every father to deliver his ſentiments on the choice of his child; but it is an authority that neither the laws of GOD or man juſtify, to reſtrain their natural affections; nor would any parent, upon the candid repreſentation of a dutiful child, withhold his conſent to an honourable alliance, where their love was reciprocal, and their education and family not derogatory; for he muſt, if he is poſſeſſed of underſtanding, know that from matches made on the pure principles of love, reſults the moſt permanent felicity; and what more can the moſt indulgent parent wiſh his moſt darling child? If he dies before his offspring, he will, in the lateſt moments of reflection, enjoy the happy ſatisfaction of having contributed his aid in the ſecurity of that bliſs he leaves his child in poſſeſſion of,—the virtuous enjoyment of a tender pair, participating each other's happineſs, and ſympathizing in each other's woe. If he lives beyond them, he ſees them bleſſed in youth, content in age. Death, not armed with thoſe terrors which affrighten the reſt of mortals, how eaſy the tranſition, ſince

their

their life only proves an anticipation of the ſcene it opens to them! Their dying eyes cloſe with the proſpect of pleaſures that flow for ever,—with a proſpect of living over again their days of rapture in love and in youth:—in love which ſhall never more be impaired;—in youth, which ſhall never again know decay! How preferable the ſtate of this parent to that who, ſacrificing his child to prejudiced opinions of his own, without conſulting natural affection, ſees the irrevocable deed replete with wretchedneſs to his unhappy offspring, and dies under the agonizing iſſue, that he has made the firſt duty of a child, parental obedience, ſubſervient to his own capricious and ill-judged deſigns, and productive of miſery, and the moſt poignant diſtreſs, to a child who never had offended! What can be the death-bed reflections of this man? Too ſevere for my deſcription!—I'll pauſe upon the ſad reverſe.

## ON HOPE.

HOPE, thou beſt gift of heaven! when the gloom of diſtreſs gathers around me, let me never know the want of thy cheering ray. But can I ever

I ever want thy preſence? I am ready to hope my ſufferings will have their change; when I conſider the perpetual change of nature, I ſee the rudeſt ſtorm ſucceeded by the gentleſt calm; the dulneſs of night, by the light of day; and the thick-gathered clouds diſperſed by a breath, making the wide expance fair to view. All the diſtreſſes of nature are thus changed to cheerfulneſs. And ſo with man, the rude blaſt of fortune ſubſides into the calm of patience: our congregated griefs are eaſed by a ſhower of tears; and heart-oppreſſive ſorrow is diſperſed by the ray of hopeful expectation. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed ſerpents, bear with them an antidote for their own poiſon. When I conſider the changes of man, HOPE is always my companion: fortune's wheel of life, being in continual rotation, is the cauſe, as ſome deſcend, others aſcend; and if I be now on the loweſt ſpoke, unleſs its motion ſtop, I may reaſonably expect to be higher; and at any rate there is this comfort, I cannot be lower than the loweſt. As the ſun doth not ſtop in its meridian glory, but continue to decline till entirely ſet, ſo let not the man, who hath reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult, but rather fear his approaching decline, which ſoon may end, and not leave a trace of his having ſo glorioufly exiſted.

I have

I have always thought Hope the gale of life, which fills the ſails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a hulk on this ſea of troubles. Another reaſon I am never without the comforts of hope is, when I reflect that every man hath his different courſe: how then can the gale at one time be propitious to us all? While it is adverſe to me, others are ſailing to their deſired port: ſhe then whiſpers me, *Deſpair not, to-morrow the wind may change, ſo as to waft you to the port of your deſire.*

## ON AMBITION.

THE objects of ambition, when poſſeſſed, loſe their charm as the inviting beauty of painting vaniſhes, when you approach too near, leaving you to wonder where the breathing lips, the ſoul-ſpeaking eye, and the heaving boſom, could have flown. This deluſion of our ſenſes is not more than of our fancy. Glory, in his dawn, arrays himſelf in the modeſt bluſhes of the ſun juſt riſen from the boſom of Thetis; but thoſe bluſhes inkindle into flaming deſires, as thoſe of the ſun riſing to its meridian; and then, like him in his fulleſt blaze, his effulgence is often obſcured by the cloud of envy.

Power

Power alſo deceives you in her enticements. Doth the eye of majeſty catch the rays of the crown's reſplendency? No. When on his brow, how can he ſee its beauty, unleſs the mirror of his ſubjects' hearts, unſtained by oppreſſion, reflect on him his real beauty. However that be, he is certain to feel its weight and the thorny cares.

Riches in view, picture to your fancy a thouſand pleaſures you are to enjoy in their company; but ſuch enjoyments loſe their reliſh, either by too often a repetition, or the extravagance of their coſt.

The various inticements of love are of all the moſt alluring. Fancy decks them with her deluſive charms. When ſhe has exhauſted her whole ſtore, ſhe robs nature, ſtealing colours from the lily and the roſe, rays from the diamond, honey from the bee, and even will take the graces from heaven, and muſic from the ſpheres, to render the fair one more attractive and adorable. Thus we ſee the colours of the roſe and lily blooming on her cheeks—the rays of the diamond ſparkling in her eyes—the ſweets of the bee reſting on her lips—the graces attend on her ſteps—and the enchantments of harmony are heard in her voice. When poſſeſſed, fancy flies, and with her takes all the charms of the fair one. The roſe and lily-bloom have left her cheeks—her eyes languiſh for the diamond's ray—the bee has robbed

robbed her lips,—her ſteps are unattended by the graces,—and ear-grating diſcord is heard, inſtead of heavenly muſic, with which her voice held before the ſoul in enchantment. In this manner do all our moſt flattering purſuits beguile us of that happineſs which firſt excited our ambition.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## MARSHAL WADE.

THE late Marſhal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places, one night, in the eagerneſs of his diverſion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold ſnuff-box, richly ſet with diamonds, took a pinch, and paſſed it round; keeping the dice-box four of five mains before he was out; when recollecting ſomething of the circumſtance, and not perceiving the ſnuff-box, he ſwore vehemently no man ſhould ſtir till it was produced, and a general ſearch ſhould enſue. On his right ſat a perſon dreſſed

dreſſed as an officer, though ſhabby, that now and then begged the honour to be permitted going a ſhilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the ſuſpicion fell; and it was propoſed to ſearch him firſt; who, deſiring to be heard, declared, "I know the Marſhal well; "yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, ſhall ſub- "ject me to be ſearched whilſt I have life to op- "poſe it. I declare, on the honour of a ſoldier, I "know nothing of the ſnuff-box, and hope that will "ſatisfy the man doubting; follow me into next "room, where I will defend that honour or periſh." The eyes of all were turned on the Marſhal for an anſwer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his ſword, felt the ſnuff-box (ſuppoſed to have paſſed round, and clapped there from habit) in a ſecret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpoſe. It is hardly to be conceived the confuſion that covered him on the occaſion, that he had ſo ſlightly given way to ſuſpicion. Remorſe, mixed with compaſſion and tenderneſs for the wounded character (becauſe poor) of his fellow ſoldier, attacked him at once ſo forcibly, that he could only ſay to him, on leaving the room immediately, 'Sir, I here, with great 'reaſon, aſk your pardon; and hope to find it 'granted, from your breakfaſting with me, and 'hereafter ranking me among your friends.' It

may

may be eaſily ſuppoſed the invitation was accepted; when, after ſome converſation, the Marſhal conjured him to ſay what could be the true reaſon that he ſhould refuſe being ſearched. "Why, Marſhal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay, and "friendleſs, I am obliged to huſband every penny: "I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could "not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to loſe it, "the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were "then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket; "the thought of which being found there, appeared "ten times more terrible than fighting the room "round."—'Enough! my dear boy; you have 'ſaid enough! Your name? Let us dine at Sweet's 'to-morrow: we muſt prevent your being ſubjected 'again to ſuch a dilemma.' They met next day; and the Marſhal preſented him a captain's commiſſion, with a purſe of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.

## AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

THE Caliph Mottawakel had a phyſician belonging to him, who was a Chriſtian, named Homain. One day, after ſome incidental converſation,

ſation, " I would have thee," ſaid the Caliph, " teach me a preſcription, by which I may take off " any enemy I pleaſe, and yet at the ſame time ſhall " never be diſcovered." Homain declining to give an anſwer, and pleading ignorance, was impriſoned.

Being brought again, after a year's interval, into the Caliph's preſence, and ſtill perſiſting in his ignorance, though threatened with death, the Caliph ſmiled upon him, and ſaid, " Be of good cheer, we " were only willing to try thee, that we might have " the greater confidence in thee."

As Homain upon this bowed down and kiſſed the earth: " What hindered thee," ſaid the Caliph, " from granting our requeſt, when thou ſaw'ſt us ap- " pear ſo ready to perform what we had threatened?" ' Two things,' replied Homain, " my religion, and ' my profeſſion; my religion, which commands me ' to do good to my enemies; my profeſſion, which ' was purely inſtituted for the good of mankind.' " Two noble laws!" ſaid the Caliph, and immediately preſented him (according to the Eaſtern uſage) with rich garments, and a ſum of money.

## ON RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

THE mind of man is ſo conſtituted, as to be incapable of retaining its force long, without ſome kind of relaxation: a conſtant ſucceſſion of the ſame ideas, eſpecially if they be of an unpleaſing caſt, frequently terminates in madneſs: therefore all wiſe law-givers have found ſome kind of public diverſion indiſpenſibly neceſſary:—and I believe, if the miſguided followers of the falſe pretenders to ſuperior ſanctity, and extraordinary communications from heaven, had, at proper ſeaſons, partook of the innocent pleaſures of life, Bedlam had wanted a very conſiderable part of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to reflect on the multitudes of poor wretches, whoſe reaſon has been ſacrificed to the unchriſtian and mercileſs treatment of theſe teachers, whoſe own gloomineſs of mind, and want of ſocial affections, have made them repreſent the benevolent Creator of all things, as a Being not to be thought of without horror; their doctrines are, in all reſpects, ſo different from the mild and merciful Spirit of the Goſpel, that I think we need look no farther for one great cauſe of the growth of infidelity: but aſcribe it to the terrifying and

and unamiable pictures theſe erroneous guides (who have the impiety to pretend to a particular divine inſpiration) have drawn of that Benignant Power, whoſe delight is in mercy: and of that religion to which one may peculiarly apply what is ſaid in the ſacred writings of virtue and piety, in general, under the character of wiſdom, "*Her ways are ways of* "*pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.*"

## RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

THE expreſſions of thoſe affections under its various forms, are no other than native effuſions of the human heart. Ignorance may miſlead, and ſuperſtition may corrupt them, but their origin is derived from ſentiments that are eſſential to man.

Wherever men have exiſted, they have been ſenſible that ſome acknowledgment was due, on their part, to the Sovereign of the world; which Chriſtian revelation has placed in ſuch a light, as one ſhould think were ſufficient to everawe the moſt thoughtleſs, and to melt the moſt obdurate mind.

But religious worſhip, disjoined from juſtice and virtue, can, on no account whatever, find acceptance with the Supreme Being.—Becauſe it is for the ſake

of

of man that worſhip and prayers are required, that he may be rendered better, and acquire thoſe pious and virtuous diſpoſitions, in which his higheſt improvement conſiſts.

## BON MOT OF PHILIP IV.

PHILIP IV. having loſt the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and ſome other provinces, took it into his head to take the ſurname of *Great*; on which the Duke of Medina-Celi ſaid, "Our "maſter is like a hole, which grows the greater the "more it loſes."